TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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LEOPOLD, LOEB SENTENCED TO LIFE IN PRISON

Judge Caverly Says Their Youth Keeps Hangman's Noose From Necks of Slayers.

Life imprisonment was the punishment fixed last week by Judge John R. Caverly upon Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb, confessed kidnapers and murderers of 14-year-old Robert Franks. This was a complete victory for the defense.

Youth was the controlling factor in Judge Caverly's decision. He said no minor had ever been sentenced to death in Illinois on a plea of guilty. He said such action was contrary to all the tendency of criminal law.

Not a muscle moved in Leopold's face as Judge Caverly indicated life imprisonment was to be his fate. Loeb rapidly blinked his eyelids, ruined almost unnoticeably and slightly contracted his lips. Not a portion of their bodies moved.

The court finds no mitigation in the crime itself, in the defendants, personalities, or their antecedents," said Judge Caverly. He then accepted "full responsibility" for declining to impose the death penalty on persons who are not of full age."

"Defendants Abnormal."

The present case, the judge said, differed from others in that the state was not forewarned of the plea of guilty.

"The plea of guilty did not form a point in favor of the defense," he said.

"The testimony has been detailed and elaborate and has been given such wide publicity, it would be useless to repeat any now," said Judge Caverly. "But the court feels that the defendants are abnormal. Otherwise they would not have committed the crime."

As Judge Caverly rapidly read his decision, the two boys gave him a very studied and unexpressive inspection. Loeb, with his hands resting on his legs, and Leopold, with hands crossed, head slightly inclined, scarcely moved. They were virtually immobile.

"Judgment cannot be affected by the tests brought into the record," said Judge Caverly. "The crime was atrocious, although there was no abuse of the body."

Judge Caverly added that while life imprisonment "may not strike the public imagination as forcibly as would hanging, yet to the offenders, particularly of the type they are, the prolonged suffering of years of confinement may well be the severer form of retribution and expiation.

Follows Progress of Law.

"It would have been the path of least resistance to impose the extreme penalty of the law," said the gray-haired judge in his decision. "In choosing imprisonment instead of death, the court is moved chiefly by the age of the defendants, boys of 18 and 19 years."

"It is not for the court to say that he would not in any case enforce capital punishment, but he believes it is within his province to decline to impose the sentence of death on persons who are not of full age.

"This determination appears to be in accordance with the progress of criminal law all over the world and to the dictates of enlightened humanity. More than that, it seems to be in accordance with the precedents in this state.

"The records of Illinois show only two cases of minors who were put to death by legal process, to which number the court does not feel inclined to make an addition."

Crowe for Death.

He pointed out that under the Fare law, it was within the discretion of the department of public welfare never to admit these defendants to parole, and that "if this course is persevered in, the punishment will satisfy the ends of justice and safeguard the interests of society."

Mr. Crowe in a formal statement issued immediately after the session, said:

"I still believe that the death penalty is the only penalty feared by murderers."

He said the responsibility for the decision rests with the court alone and that he had no desire to criticize it, but that he would continue to do "everything within my power to enforce the law honestly and vigorously without regard to the status of the criminal."

"That finishes my connection with this case," said Clarence S. Darrow, veteran chief counsel for the defendants, whose plea on behalf of youth overcame the state's insistence on the death penalty.

"It was all we could have asked for," said Mr. Darrow, "there will be no appeal."

Nathan F. Leopold, sr., sat silently weeping. He offered no comment and merely nodded his head when friends grouped about him and whispered in his ear. He said that he would never attempt to obtain the release of his son from the penitentiary. When asked if that was his attitude, he replied emphatically, "surely, surely."

Mr. Darrow was commenting on the possibilities of paroles. The defense counsel chief said that paroles could be applied for after 20 years of life sentences had been served, but thought that it required 37½ years of incarceration before paroles could be applied for under sentences of 99 years.

The court passed separate sentences on the murder and kidnaping charges, naming life imprisonment as the punishment for the murder and imprisonment for 99 years on the kidnaping indictment. This was to meet legal technicalities.

During the trial Judge Caverly said:

"My judgment in this case will be based upon what I think is right. It is my conscience only that is to be satisfied and in making my decision, regardless of what others think. It is impossible to satisfy everybody and these hundreds of letters and personal suggestions I have received will affect me no [illegible] in that respect than 'water on a duck's back.'"

6 Monkeys Circle Globe With Fliers

"Fed the monkeys yet, Jack?"

This question was put to Lieutenant Jack Harding while he was tinkering around the motor of his round-the-world plane at McCook field, Dayton, getting ready to hop off for Chicago.

Jack just grinned that "Harding smile," which has made him famous the world over.

Someone asked where the monkeys came from.

"One of the hotels at Seattle gave us six of them," one of the pilots replied. "And they have been with us on the whole trip, and they were not sick once, either."

Those who heard the remark were amazed. Remarkable, they said, that these animals should withstand such a gruelling test.

But Lieutenant Leslie P. Arnold "spilled the beans" a little later.

Confidentially he was telling a friend that the monkeys were of the stuffed variety, but that each wore a little jacket and goggles.

MAINE MARGIN FOR G. O. P. 50,000

Coolidge to Carry State by 100,000, Belief of Senator Fernald.

Maine Republicans rolled up a plurality of 50,000 votes in the United States senatorial contest and a plurality of 36,000 in electing a Republican governor, tabulation of returns from the election indicated last week. Figures showed that Senator Bert M. Fernald had been re-elected with a total of 147,222 votes against 97,039 for his Democratic opponent, Fulton J. Redman. In the contest for governor, State Senator Ralph O. Brewster, Republican, polled 143,926 votes against a total of 107,908 for William R. Pattangall, former state attorney general.

In commenting on the result of the balloting, Senator Fernald said that President Coolidge and Charles C. Dawes would carry Maine in November by 100,000 votes. Asserting that he saw in the vote a country-wide trend toward Republicanism, he said:

"While I have been returned to the senate by about 40,000, it would not surprise me if the Republican presidential and vice presidential candidates carried Maine by a larger margin than Harding did in 1920." The vote cast Monday was the largest polled in the history of Maine. The total vote for governor was 251,834 and for senator 244,281. The vote for governor exceeded by nearly 46,000 the high previous record established in the gubernatorial election four years ago.

The campaign was waged in large part by the Democrats on the Ku Klux Klan issue as a result of the announced indorsement of Brewster by the klan in the primary. Mr. Pattangall, defeated Democratic candidate, in a statement asserted that the Republican victory was a distinct triumph for the Ku Klux Klan.

INDUSTRY STEPS UPWARD AGAIN

Labor Report Indicates General Improvement in Middle West.

General improvement in the employment situation in the Middle West, and gains in various lines of industry in nearly every section of the country, are disclosed in a national industrial employment survey made public by the labor department.

Better farming conditions, with improvements in the building industry in the West and Middle West were accountable for much of the increased employment. In the New England states, improvement was noted in the shoe industry. The textile industry is still on part time schedule, the report said, but an improvement in the textile mills of New York has aided conditions in that state.

A general improvement was shown in the iron and steel industry, which in itself materially reduced unemployment in the states where the industry is extensive.

The mountain states reported improving labor conditions with labor surpluses confined to transient workers. The West coast states reported surpluses of labor, but an improvement was noted in the lumber industry of Oregon.

Arctic Ship Returns

The auxiliary schooner Bowdoin of the MacMillan Arctic expedition, which left Wiscassett, Me., June 23, 1923, arrived last week in Battle Harbor, Labrador. All members of the explorers' party were reported well.

Animal Clowns Sold at Bargain Rates

"Bargains in monkeys" are being advertised at the Berlin zoo, where a visitor may purchase any monkey to which he takes a fancy.

The idea of selling monkeys originated with the zoo director recently when he found that he had on hand more of the comedians of the animal family than he cared to keep in stock, because of the high price of peanuts.

There are not quite so many buyers as the director had anticipated.

DAWES FLAYS LA FOLLETTE IN OWN BAILIWICK

Vice President Nominee Directs Fire on Independent's Attack Upon Supreme Court.

Republican organization leaders in Wisconsin took steps last week to carry on the fight launched against LaFollette's independent candidacy by Charles G. Dawes, Republican vice presidential nominee, in an address in the Milwaukee auditorium.

Plans for the contest in Senator LaFollette's progressive home state were discussed informally between local party leaders and William M. Rutler, Republican national chairman, after the meeting which was attended by an audience that overflowed the auditorium. The hall has a seating capacity of 9,000.

Assails LaFollette.

Mr. Dawes assailed Senator LaFollette as "the master demagogue" and branded the LaFollette Independent candidacy as the "quintessence of demagogism."

The relation of the LaFollette movement to the Constitution was the general theme of Mr. Dawes, who declared that the candidacy of the Wisconsin senator not only represented "the quintessence of demagogism," but a demagogism animated by the vigorous purpose of undermining the constitutional foundation of the republic. He described the senator's Labor day address as an affront to the common sense of the average individual, and declared the success of the LaFollette doctrine of congressional veto of supreme court decisions "would mean that the Constitution would be stripped of authority and government would become the plaything of changing political parties with demagogues in the saddle."

Republican national committee officials who accompanied Mr. Dawes were accorded obvious indications of the strong political feeling that exists this year in Wisconsin. Cheers for Senator LaFollette were heard before the meeting got under way and these cheers grew somewhat in volume when Mr. Dawes, in his opening sentence, mentioned the name of the Wisconsin senator.

Few Interruptions.

The atmosphere seemed to be charged with the feeling existing in the state; several of those on the platform cast somewhat apprehensive glances over the audience, and those in the audience, in many cases, sat forward in their seats—all feeling that there might be an open demonstration of these diverse sentiments.

As Mr. Dawes proceeded with his analysis of the attitude of the LaFollette-Wheeler ticket toward constitutional questions, particularly the independent platform's declaration for congressional veto of supreme court decisions, those in charge of the meeting said they noticed a lessening of the strain. There were few interruptions from unsympathetic members of the audience thereafter except about midway in the speech when those sitting in a section near the back of the hall got up and walked noisily out. Republican organization officials estimated the number who did this at 200 or 300 and pointed out that their places were taken by an equal number from the crowd waiting outside.

Tax Decision Affects Thousands

The United States board of tax appeals has decided it has no jurisdiction in cases "involving only the refund to the taxpayer of taxes paid prior to passage of the revenue act of 1924."

By the ruling which was handed down in dismissing the appeal of the Everett Knitting Mills, the board is regarded as eliminating from further consideration one entire class of cases.

Internal revenue officials recalled thousands of cases, similar in most details to the Everett Knitting Mills' appeal and all of these must now go down as closed, unless taxpayers resort to civil courts.

The board's opinion appeared to regard the whole question before it as turning on provisions of law for refunding or abatement. In granting a government motion to dismiss the case, it said the statute gives the taxpayer the right to appeal to the board where there is a deficiency.

JAPAN DECIDES TO HOLD ALOOF IN CHINESE WAR

Policy of Hands Off Is Enunciated by Tokio Foreign Minister; Press Assails U. S.

Japan has no intention of intervening in the domestic difficulties of China, Baron Kijuro Shidehara, foreign minister, told the Associated Press when asked to outline the Japanese government's policy in regard to the civil war in China. He declined to comment further.

Although Japanese dispatches from Mukden say that Chang Tso-Lin is marching four brigades in the direction of Jehol, in northern Chihli the opinion is that major hostilities on the Chihli-Manchurian front amounting to a showdown between Chang and General Wu Pei-Fu, are not likely at present.

Neither Side Has Cash.

The lateness of the season, the recent floods and financial difficulties on both sides are cited. Official statements of Japan's policy of neutrality and non-intervention do not hide Japanese anxiety regarding reported interchanges between Washington and London in respect to China, in which, press dispatches indicate, positive measures are being discussed.

The Japanese newspapers discussing the reported Anglo-American interchanges insist that Japan avoid intervention or participation.

The Kokumin Shimbun, an independent paper, says that the powers are confronted with the momentous decision as to whether they shall intervene.

Whatever the decision Japan must not join in intervention which the Kokumin says is inspired by American desire to protect the federal wireless contract for stations in the province of Kiangsu, and British railway building schemes in the lower Yangtsze.

Disabled Veterans Given National Home

A gift of the Grand River stock farm at Eaton Rapids, Mich., to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, to be used as a national home for members of the order and their dependents, by Corey J. Spencer, was announced at the national convention of the veterans in Atlantic City by Dr. Clarence L. Candler, commander of the department of Michigan.

The gift includes more than 472 acres, and building valued at $100,000. Preparations have been made for an immediate transfer of the property. A great ovation was accorded Mr. Spencer, who is a member of Caldwell-Clark post at Jackson, Mich.

Gets Character Clue From Style of Hat

Man reveals his character by the way he wears his hat.

That's the assertion of Dr. C. W. Kimmins, chief education officer to the London County Council, who claims to have studied the subject exhaustively.

Here's the code:

Hat worn well down over the forehead, the man is solemn and thoughtful.

Hat pushed back far on the head, the man is a "happy-go-lucky."

Hat tilted on the right side, the man is a rowdy.

Hat tilted to the left, the wearer loses his social status completely, being classed as a mental deficient.

N. J. Labor Refuses to Stroke Bobcat

The annual New Jersey State Federation of Labor convention was adjourned sine die when a resolution indorsing the LaFollette-Wheeler ticket was tabled by a vote of 206 to 95.

Action on the resolution was obtained only after considerable disorder among delegates. One delegate was ejected for fighting.

Two other resolutions involving presidential candidates also were tabled. One provided for a denunciation of the Coolidge administration, while another called for an approval of the candidacy of John W. Davis. The Davis delegates contented themselves with a noisy demonstration in one section of the hall.

The Progressive Banner

WHEN THE PROGRESSIVES NEEDED LAFOLLETTE'S HELP

—By Courtesy the Chicago Tribune.

WHEN LAFOLLETTE NEEDED THE PROGRESSIVES' HELP

VETERAN "DIES"—HEARS A BANG—THEN ALL IS SILENT, BLANK

For the first time evidence has been offered on what it feels like to die.

William Newman, former soldier, to all appearances, died in a London hospital. His heart stopped beating. One of England's best surgeons, Dr. Tudor Edwards, who was operating on him, tried all the conventional methods to revive the patient and failed. The surgeon made an incision and massaged the heart with his fingers.

Ninety seconds later the heart began beating again and now Newman is telling his experiences.

He remembers taking the anesthetic and feeling that they were not giving him enough.

"I was thinking this when, bang—something exploded," he said, and the next thing he remembered was waking up in the hospital ward.

The case not only is interesting because the heart massage actually succeeded, but because Newman's succinct description of death—"bang—something exploded," recalls Andreyev's celebrated story, "Lazarus," in which the hero, after being raised from the dead, goes through a tormented existence with terrible eyes which have beheld infinity.

Newman's experience may be evidence against the survival of consciousness after death, even if not proof. There are many cases of medical record of patients under an anesthetic remembering accurately all that happened to them and even undergoing a wondering of consciousness and apparently roaming to distant parts and actually visualizing distant scenes.

But this was while life was still going on. When Newman "died," however, "something exploded."

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Coolidge Praises Work of Negroes

A message from President Coolidge was read to the National Baptist convention which opened its 44th annual session in Nashville, Tenn., with 6,000 Negro men and women from all over the country in attendance. The message said:

"By their continuing devotion to the interest of charity and of education along with those of religion, the members of this communion have contributed greatly to the humanitarian, as well as the spiritual advancement of the nation."

WOULD SHED HATRED TO WRAP WAR FOES IN PEACE LEGION

Two resolutions will be placed before the inter-allied federation of ex-service men's next meeting in London, both of which have provided for overtures to the German veterans to join the federation. One will be put forward by the French and the other by the British.

This move is the culmination of a two years' drive by General Hamilton since his election to the presidency of the British legion.

"I am happy," said the hero of Galipolli, "to think that most of my ex-service comrades are agreed with me in this desire for the brotherhood of all ex-service men. If it were not so, they would have kicked me out long ago, and I certainly wouldn't be their president."

Referring to the opposition which might be expected, the general said it would come chiefly from civilians.

"I can understand our women harboring bitter thoughts against the late enemy," he explained. "Some lost a husband, some a sweetheart, and being without the great purging effort of all in action in warfare, they continued to keep up their hatred."

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CITIZENS HEED NATION'S CALL DEFENSE DAY

Response of Millions Gratifies Army; Millions Hear General Pershing Give Radio Message.

The response by the nation's civilian population to the Defense Day appeal to the individual's obligation and responsibility under the new national defense program and the functioning in the first limited test of the program met the highest expectations of the war department and government officials.

Reports, somewhat preliminary in character from the nine corps area headquarters, showing that more than 16,000,000 civilians participated in the exercises of Sept. 12, caused the department to pronounce the test highly satisfactory. Although the reports did not permit an accurate estimate of the total of one day volunteers who turned out to fill up the ranks of regular army, national guard and organized reserves, the fact that almost all the military units were filled approximately to war strength indicated that probably 2,000,000 men enrolled.

6,535 Local Demonstrations.

The other civilian participants, giving a reported total of 16,792,781, took part in the 6,535 local demonstrations in the form of parades and exercises.

The corps commanders submitting a detailed report emphasized its success and the enthusiastic indorsement of the national defense program by the public generally. An expression of their gratification at the loyal co-operation given the war department by the American public in the defense test project was conveyed to the country in radio addresses by Secretary Weeks and General Pershing. For the latter the occasion marked the last full day of his long service on the active list of the army and the culmination of a specific task in national defense preparation to which he has devoted his major labors since the close of the war.

20,000,000 Hear Speeches.

Probably not fewer than 20,000,000 persons "listened in" to hear the war secretary, after remarks dealing with the defense test, introduce General Pershing with a tribute to his service as the "nation's foremost soldier." The retiring general of the armies, plainly holding back the emotions that the occasion aroused, in calm and controlled tones, took the "last opportunity" in active service to express his "sincerest thanks for the courtesies so often extended to me by my countrymen and for the confidence they have always given me."

The general and Secretary Weeks earlier in the day had spoken on the significance of the defense test to the marchers in the parade in Washington, which for an hour and a half with close packed lines of ununiformed American citizens, filed up Pennsylvania avenue, passed the reviewing stand occupied by President and Mrs. Coolidge with other high government officials. Conspicuous among the regular army groups in the parade were the general staff officers, who marched in a great block formation.

Following these came the staff reservists, many in civilian clothes, and then the regular, national guard and organized reserve units, with civilians filling out the ranks of each.

New York in War Paint.

The nation's metropolis put on war paint Defense Day and played that it had been called on overnight to muster all resources to repel an enemy invasion.

The eastern defenses were bombarded by make-believe hostile airplanes dropping flour bag bombs. Forts of the harbor belched harmless black smoke in retaliation.

Human elements of warfare, in full uniform, marched through the streets; chieftains of industry sat as boards of strategy solemnly mobilizing, on paper, war's material requirements.

Church-goers attending special services were urged to shun alike the war slacker and the vote slacker. Admirals and generals addressed cheering throngs in all the parks and public meeting places. From sunrise to sunset the armories felt once more the thrill of their importance.

Activities Begin Early.

Defense day for New York began when the first uniform appeared on the street early in the day. It got officially under way at Fraunces Tavern, where thousands met for parade formation at the spot where George Washington long ago bade farewell to his officers at the close of a war that was not make-believe.

The parade wound through the deep, crooked channels that form the streets of financial Manhattan, between rows of windows banked with cheering office workers, among dangling streamers of ticker tape, to the broad steps of the old subtreasury. There, in the shadow of a huge statue of the first president, a patriotic service of songs and speeches was participated in by such milling thousands that police reserves were called to keep the lanes clear.

Similar picturesque demonstrations were staged throughout the city during the noon period. At Staten Island there was a huge parade of military and civilians, terminating at Fort Wadsworth in a sham battle, the booming of big guns and the smell of the smoke of the war machinery.

DAVIS SCORES RECORD OF G. O. P.

Democratic Candidate for President Challenges Political Opponents.

Speaking in Denver last week to an audience which taxed the capacity of the municipal auditorium, John W. Davis met the recent claim of the Republican leaders that his party is putting forward too many issues with the declaration that he would meet them on a single ground—the record of their administration of government in the last four years.

Cites Oil Cases.

Assailing that record on the basis of isolation as a foreign policy, the leasing of the naval oil reserves, the tariff, the conduct of the veterans' bureau and reclamation and conservation Mr. Davis said he was willing "to try the case on the Republican record alone."

Summing up his indictment, the nominee said it had:

Adopted a foreign policy unsuited alike to the dignity and interest of the American public; enacted in the Fordney-McCumber tariff, a law both unjust and extortionate, based on no principle other than greed; squandered the national resources and dissipated the naval oil reserves; delayed justice to settlers on reclamation projects; denied to the veterans of the last and former wars the care and attention that was their due; exhibited a fatal lack of concerted action between the President and congress and shown inability to frame or carry out any consistent policy for the general welfare."

Repeats Honesty Plea.

"I put to the people of Colorado and the West," Mr. Davis said in conclusion, "the plain issue of common honesty in government. I ask them to hold the Republican party as a political organization, to the accounting which is due. I appeal to their memories and their consciences to direct their judgment."

Anthrax Cure Reported

Edmond Ducleux and Dr. Eunis have made a serum giving immunity from anthrax. A report telling how by means of this serum they preserved 20,000 cattle and 10,000 sheep from an epidemic was read at a meeting of the Academy of Science.

Boy's Mistake Wins a Prize

The funniest mistake made by a British schoolboy has been crowned with a prize in a "howler" competition organized by a London newspaper.

The boy was asked to tell the difference between a biography and an autobiography. "A "biography," he wrote in reply, "is the history of the life of a good man. A naughty biography (autobiography) is the history of the life of a boy."

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WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

PERHAPS readers would like to know a little something about the war in China. To learn, however, one must suffer the agony of a long list of unpronounceable names. There is some fear that the war will involve other nations, including the United States, as did the Boxer uprising in the days of John Hay.

But let's see what it's all about. Shanghai is one of the great ports of the Orient. Its trade has increased until it amounts to more than a billion dollars a year. The privilege of levying tribute on this business is what is being fought for.

Now for the names that recall the marks on your shirt, provided you patronize a Chinese laundry. General Chi Shieh Yuan is governor of Kiangsu and General Lu Yung Ksiang is governor of Chekiang. Each has an army, of course. Shanghai—easy to pronounce because we have all become familiar with roosters of that name—is a part of Kiangsu, but its administration has fallen to the allies of General Lu Yung Ksiang of Chekiang.

SHALL we go on? Well, one of these generals and his followers are getting the fat out of the Shanghai business and the others want it, and they fight. Could anything be more civilized?

Further explanation. Military chieftains are identified with two political parties, the Chihli and the Anfu. The former is in control of the central government at Peking, and General Chi Shieh Yuan is looked upon as of the Chihli. The Chihli party, nominally at the head of affairs in China, wants this great source of revenue collections now held by the Anfu party. That accounts for the drive.

THERE is more of this. The nominal head of the Chihli party is Marshal Tsao Kun, Chinese president, and the party takes its name from the province over which General Wu Pei-Fu, his military supporter, presides. The war lord of Manchuria, Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, has espoused the cause of the Anfu. And this brings about the apprehension that all of the northern part of the country is to be involved.

These conditions account for the landing of marines and sailors from foreign warships at Shanhai to protect the interests, and, if necessary, the lives of about 22,000 or more persons of their nationalities who reside in the port city.

THIS is another story, which has nothing to do with China. It is a story of big figures from the treasury department at Washington.

During July 6,583,000,000 cigarets were manufactured in the United States. This is an increase of 750,000,000 over the number manufactured in July, 1923. If this pace is maintained there will be manufactured and sold in the United States during the current fiscal year more than 77,000,000,000 cigarets.

In 1914 the number manufactured was 16,427,000,000. Within the decade the tobacco manufacturing industry has run up its output 450 per cent.

Why walk a mile for a cigaret?

There died a couple of weeks ago a woman who spent her declining years in fighting the cigaret. She was less militant but none the less earnest than was the late Carrie Nation in her fight against liquor.

While Lucy Page Gaston was directing her energies against cigarets the tremendous increase in their manufacture was in progress. And yet who can say her work was futile? The future will have to answer.

WHAT is the big issue in the present campaign? The drift of discussion, since President Coolidge's Baltimore address, has been toward LaFollette's purpose to undermine and destroy the prerogatives of the United States supreme court.

How far the third party candidate would go in this direction, were the country so unlucky as to have him for president, cannot be told. He is very much the demagogue, and his talk may be designed largely to catch the votes of radicals.

One of the faults frequently found with the supreme court is that it may decide a case by a majority of one. By this small majority it may say what is and what is not law. Yet one is a majority. It is a majority in electing a president, it is often a majority in congress, which LaFollette, if he means what he says, would make supreme over the court.

MAJORITY rule is what governs in this country. As has been said: "The supreme court acts as umpire between the government and the people. Mr. LaFollette would deprive the umpire of his authority by empowering a section of the grandstand to overrule him."

To carry this idea further, there would be, under the LaFollette arrangement, frequent bombardments of the umpire. The pop bottles would fly thick and fast, with possible mobs and riots. Instead of supreme court rulings we should have "pop bottle" government and eventually revolution.

This is the aim, the design and hope of many of LaFollette's followers—to destroy our present form of government.

8-Hour Day Plan Favored in Europe

An 8-hour day throughout Europe is in prospect. Ratification of the Washington labor convention by Great Britain, France, Belgium and Germany in the near future is likely in consequence of a conference of the labor minister of the four countries just concluded at Berne, says Albert Thomas, director of the international labor bureau.

GEN. PERSHING PAID TRIBUTE BY PRESIDENT

Retiring Chief-of-Staff Bids Farewell to His Corps Commanders and Leaves Service.

John J. Pershing ended his 42 years of active service in the army at noon Sept. 13 with a last signal honor paid him in the issuance of an executive announcement by President Coolidge expressing the nation's indebtedness for the service which won him leadership of American forces in the World war.

Only in the rare instances of history in which a retiring officer has reached the highest rank has there been precedent for the honor conferred upon General Pershing in the executive order in which the President extended to him "anew the thanks of the nation for his eminent services."

The President added that he felt "certain that I voice the sentiment of the entire citizenry of the republic in wishing him long life, happiness and prosperity in the retirement he has so richly earned."

Citing General Pershing's arrival at the automatic retirement age of 64 years, the executive order, after reminding the country of its "obligation to one whose accomplishments contributed so largely to the defense of the world's liberties," reviewed his long career of military service.

Text Praises Career.

The text of the order which was read to the army Saturday as a general order follows:

"General John J. Pershing, general of the armies, having this day reached the age of 64 years, is retired from active service in conformity with a requirement of an act of congress approved June 30, 1882.

"Entering the army as a commissioned officer, after graduation at the United States military academy in 1886, he endured the hardships of the Indian campaigns. In the war with Spain he participated in the Santiago campaign in Cuba. In the Philippine islands after their acquisition by the United States it fell to his lot to assist in the suppression of the native insurrection and his remarkable success in bringing under control some of the most turbulent tribes is a matter of history.

Intrusted With Commands.

"Becoming a general officer in 1906, he was intrusted with many important commands and when the unsettled conditions on the border of Mexico in 1916 made it necessary to send a military expedition into that country he was selected for its command. In exercising this command as well as in the others that had fallen to him he demonstrated his capacity for the highest military functions and his selection as the commander of the American expeditionary forces in the World war was a consequence.

"His conduct of the command fully justified the selection as well as his elevation to the highest rank in our military service which was conferred upon him permanently under authority of a special act of congress in recognition of his fulfilment of his country's expectations.

Wins World's Gratitude.

"His services to the world in the greatest conflict in which military forces have ever been engaged have been recognized through the award of the highest decorations by the governing authorities of Belgium, Great Britain, China, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Greece, Italy, Japan, Montenegro, Panama, Poland, Rumania and Serbia."

The retiring general lays down his burden of active military duty with the satisfaction of having witnessed as a culmination of the task to which he has contributed devotedly in the period since the war a test of the new national defense program which he and his associates regard as eminently successful.

Calls Roll Again.

Calling the roll of corps area headquarters from Washington to New York and thence to San Francisco with an instant response from each, the general inquired of each major general in command the result of the defense test in his territory. The unvarying report of success brought his congratulations. Then he bade them farewell.

General Pershing has not indicated his plans for the future, but he declared at an informal gathering with Secretary Weeks and other high officers and officials Friday night that he had no thought of being inactive after retirement.

Maxim Gorky Told to Rest His Pen

Relatives of Maxim Gorky, the author, are concerned over the news of his state of health received from Italy, reporting him gravely ill.

Gorky, who is more than 60 years old, has been engaged for some time in writing his memoirs but his enfeebled condition has caused his physicians to order him to suspend all literary efforts. The advices from his present home in Italy describe him as confined to his villa and unable to walk.

Indian Envoy to Geneva

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

THIS is the Maharajah of Bikanir, one of India's three representatives at the Geneva conference of the League of Nations, who is in London with a picturesque retinue. He is one of England's best friends in the East. The photo shows him with his son.

LENINE, DEAD, RULES RUSSIA FROM TOMB

Like so many other commanding figures in history Nicolai Lenine, creator of Soviet Russia, is greater in death than in life.

If the founder of the modern communist state has failed to become a "god" or a "saint," he has literally become, in the minds of the Russian Bolsheviks, an idol of as great fame as America's Washington or Lincoln.

In the center of Moscow's famous "Red Square," Lenine lies mouldering in a frail wooden tomb, a symbol to the Bolshevik intelligence of the death of Russia's greatest rebel and of the renaissance of a new Russia.

Throughout the day and night, within the walls of the Kremlin, as sacred to Russians of the monarchical period as Lenine's tomb is dear to the heart of the Communist, thousands of Russians who have embraced the Soviet faith pass in silence before this strange mortuary chamber of cedar and oak and, without getting a glimpse of the frail body within, stop to do reverence to its departed spirit.

Is Grim Reminder.

There are those, of course, of the old Czarist regime, who look upon the wooden sepulchre as a grim reminder, not of the death of a man, but of the destruction of the old Russia. It is to guard against any untoward demonstrations from such as these that guards are on duty at the tomb and behind the Kremlin walls, ready with bayonets to suppress the slightest gesture of insurrection.

But it is not alone at Lenine's tomb the Bolsheviks pay homage to his memory and works. Countless streets, villages, towns, railroad stations, and even newly-born children have been named after him. In every store, restaurant, hotel, theater, museum, railroad station, and even on locomotives and upon airplanes high in the sky, one sees lithographs of the revolutionary leader. They are there, whether the occupants or observers like them or not. Leninism, the Communists would like to have one believe, has supplanted real religion in the minds of the people, which the government set out to exterminate.

"Leninism" Is Alive.

The visitor's gaze is met all over Russia by the image of Lenine. If his likeness is not represented in plaster busts in every shop window in every town, it is found in the schoolbooks, on posters, in every government office, in public monuments, in films, on postage stamps, in tourist souvenirs of Russia. His portrait is seen even on public lawns, ingeniously worked out in flowers and foliage. It probably will appear on Russian coins. It is already furnace-blasted on household dishes and pottery.

"Leninism" is as common in Russian terminology as Marxism, Communism or Syndicalism. The Soviet authorities have seen to it that Russia's children are duly instructed in the life and achievements of their first revolutionary head. They have appropriated nearly $1,000,000 for the wider circulation of Lenine's writings among the population. They have set aside a huge sum for the construction of a magnificent mausoleum of marble and bronze to supplant the present wooden tomb of the "Father of Modern Russia."

Today, seven months after Lenine passed to the unknown, the pile of green-stained wood that rests above his head in the heart of Moscow is the focus of all the ideals, hopes and aspirations of Russian revolutionists. To the rest of Russia the mortal tenement of tinder-wood, with its mute occupant, typifies only a destructive epoch in Russia's thousand years of life.

Fires Cost $4,250,000

The National Lumber Manufacturers' association estimated forest fire losses this season in California, Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho at $4,250,000. Of this, $3,000,000 represented loss to standing timber in the national forests and parks; $500,000 damage to privately-owned standing timber, and an equal sum to logs and logging equipment while $250,000 was in losses to settlers and miscellaneous community property.

42-YEAR ARMY CAREER ENDED

General Steps From Active Command Asking Others to Carry On.

After 42 years' active service, John J. Pershing, general of all of the armies of the United States and commander of the A. E. F., believes that "service is the highest gift of the individual to his country."

He expressed this belief in a signed statement addressed to the soldiers on the eve of his retirement, published in the army's official paper, "Recruiting News."

Since the World war, General Pershing wrote to his fellow soldiers, the army has been brought closer to the people, and has become almost as vital a peace agency as it has a war machine. "The popular mind has become disabused of the idea that fighting alone is the occupation of the soldier," he wrote, "and the great contributions of the army to the development and progress of the United States are recognized and appreciated.

Pride Mitigates Sorrow.

"On Defense day, Sept. 12, the date which marks my retirement, I shall have another consolation, one that will mitigate the thought of parting through the realization that the country has not allowed the lessons that cost so dearly in the World war to be forgotten," he asserted. "With no malice, but with forethought that marks the wise man we shall, I hope, look at ourselves in time of fair weather to see how we might fare in a storm."

Briefly the general traced the evolution of the army "from a small body of highly specialized Indian fighters for the most part remote both physically and mentally from the great mass of their fellow citizens into the army of today—regulars, national guards and reserves—two-thirds of which are civilians participating in the business, political and social lives of their various communities but none the less integral factors in the national scheme of defense."

Recalls War Days.

He continued:

"The great war which put so many of our young men into their country's uniform awakened a patriotic feeling for the army and interest in it and understanding in its real aims and purposes. The army's attitude toward its job has changed since the war. Service in peace or war has become the goal of its training, whether it be blazing an air route around the earth or leading trucks and men to help Chrisimas-package-smothered postmasters.

A Real Champion.

"The army is a skeleton, however, a very substantial skeleton, upon which the muscles and sinews of the whole country can, if need be, build up a champion of those principles for which the republic stands and always has stood.

"It would not be modesty but affection if I did not recall with satisfaction having commanded the nation's great armies in the World war. And what patriotic, brave and aggressive men

"What sacrifices and hardships they endured, that first American army that ever trod a battlefield of the old world."

Famous Regiment Again Organizes

Reconstituted as the Third Coast artillery, the Third Regiment of Artillery, historically famous fighting unit of the United States army which first saw service on July 1, 1794, recently reopened its history at Fort MacArthur, near San Pedro, Calif., under the command of Major George Ruhlen, Jr.

Battle ribbons won on home and foreign fields during the last 130 years fluttered from the color standards as "The Fighting Third" was ceremoniously reconstituted at the fort.

The Third Regiment of Artillery came into being following the Revolutionary war. It was recruited among the veterans of that war for service against the Indians in the conquest of the west.

WOULD ENJOIN "MA" FERGUSON

Democrats Say Wife's Candidacy Is Cloak for Husband.

An injunction suit to prevent Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson from becoming governor of Texas was filed in Austin, Tex., in the fifty-fifth district court by Charles M. Dickson of San Antonio. The suit is directed against the county judge, the county clerk and the sheriff of every county in Texas and seeks to prevent Mrs. Ferguson's name going on the ballot.

Mr. Dickson's petition, which was filed by I. W. Stephens, Fort Worth attorney, for Dickson, alleges that James E. Ferguson, who is debarred from holding office, is the real candidate in the name of his wife and that if her name is not kept off the ballot Ferguson will be elected governor in the name of his wife, thereby circumventing the judgment of impeachment and disqualification against Ferguson.

Another proposition presented by the petition is that by common law which was adopted in Texas in 1840 a woman, especially a married woman, was ineligible to hold any executive or judicial office and that no such right has been conferred by statute or the constitution. The constitution, by use of the masculine gender, it is contended, and by making the governor commander-in-chief of the military forces excludes a woman from holding office of governor as the governor is a member of the militia, which is declared to be composed of "able bodied male citizens" above a certain age.

Declaring "we are so used to injunctions that I guess one more won't make any difference," Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson said when she was shown a dispatch saying that an injunction suit to keep her name off the ballot in the general election had been filed.

100,000 PERSONS TO SEE AIR RACES

Record Attendance Seen When Contest Opens in Dayton.

Officials of the International Air races in Dayton, Oct. 2, 3 and 4, are predicting that the third and final day will draw a crowd larger than ever attended a sporting event in this country.

They say they expect to see 100,000 persons crowded into Wilbur Wright field, where the races will be held Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:15 P. M. On that day will be the Pulitzer high speed race, one of the chief events of the three days, and that will be followed by a spectacular carnival feature, the bombing of a miniature city.

At St. Louis last year, the races drew 140,000 persons—20,000 on the first day, 30,000 on the second day and 90,000 on the final day.

The attendance this time, it is declared, will run 40,000 to 60,000 persons the first two days and 180,000 the third.

Things that will help swell the crowds, it was pointed out, will be the glamour surrounding Dayton as an air center and the home of the Wrights; its geographically accessible location; the fact that more spectacular features have been added to the meeting this year than ever before.

As an index of the interest in aviation in this vicinity, air race officials point to the attendance at an air carnival there Labor day last year. This was held at McCook field, and according to figures there, 80 000 persons witnessed the event from the confines of the field and 20,000 more lined the banks of the Big Miami river.

People came from a radius of only 50 miles around, it was said. Advertising and publicity matter for the international races have been directed to a territory within a radius of 250 miles.

"As Goes Maine"

— From Detroit News.

PRISON DOORS CLOSE BEHIND YOUTHS WHO KILLED FRANKS BOY

The strident ringing of a brazen gong rang through "Court Solitary" at 6 A. M. at Joliet, Ill., penitentiary, Sept. 12. It was a summons to convicts 9305 and 9306—Richard A. Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Jr., slayers of Bobby Franks—that the shackles had begun to bind.

Cool mornings these, but not so cool in the outside world—at least not as clammy cold as stone walls on which the sun never shines.

It will be 6 o'clock from now on, at least on week-day mornings. No more leisurely awakenings to prepare for a laughing journey to court where one can smile at friends and smirk at the curious.

Friday was not a usual day at the prison. Even here the message of a powerful government had penetrated. It is Defense Day, but its meaning is somewhat different to the 2,200 convicts. There is held what Warden John T. Whitman refers to as "patriotic exercises," that is the limited degree to which the law allows these men whose citizenship has been taken from them, to participate.

Fed by Prisoners.

Loeb and Leopold did not breakfast in the main dining hall. Following the usual custom, they were fed in the cells by fellow convicts who stared curiously at the newcomers in their prison clothes.

The pair were alert and eager to take their first steps through the routine that starts them on their program for the years that remain to them. It appeared that the Defense day program, however, would interfere with their desires.

They were far from being the two badly frightened youths who were half carried and half walked the 50-foot space in the administration building that represented to them the trap door, open and ready to shut for them the blue sky of freedom.

The last thrill before the prison walls of Joliet closed about them, perhaps forever, probably the only thrill that Loeb and Leopold experienced since the killing of little Bobby Franks, was realized in the night by the youthful slayers when their own lives were almost snuffed out in the mad race for the penitentiary.

Only quick work on the part of newspaper men and deputy sheriffs accompanying the murderers and the keen eye of a motorman, saved the two "supermen" and their guards, including Captain Wesley Westbrook, from being ground to death under the wheels of a speeding train.

Five Others Endangered.

The accident, which almost cost the lives of five persons besides the slayers occurred just west of Argo.

Darkness had completely hidden the road ahead. On through the night sped seven cars.

Forty, 45 and 50 miles an hour they dashed over the ribbon-like stretch of cement before them. To the right were tracks—the electric line to Joliet, some distance down the track an express car was beating over the rails at breakneck speed.

The deafening roar of the motor made all still without.

Suddenly the curtained car—the one with the slayers—veered, slipped from the cement, left the rails and landed dead in the center of the track.

Down the track a thousand feet was the blinding headlight of the trolley car coming closer at every second.

Newspapermen and deputy sheriffs ran down the road. It had to be stopped. Arms and hats were waved frantically; searchlights were turned down the track, and a shot was fired. There was a grinding of steel on steel. Quick as a flash it was over.

Less than 50 feet from the stalled car bearing the slayers the interurban has come to a stop.

It was the last thrill for the youths who had murdered "in the spirit of adventure."

"My God," Leopold gulped, "we're driving too fast."

Babe, the unemotional, soon caught himself. His fear turned to levity.

"What's the hurry; we've got at least 50 years."

The two slayers sat in the rear seat of the second car, puffing cigarets, motionless. Between them sat Hans Thompson, assistant warden of the county jail. Across his lap was a chain, one end of which was attached a Leopold's wrist, the other to Loeb's.

Babe looked up.

Loeb's Remark.

"Tough towns, Summit and Argo," he noted as they passed through. "If there's going to be trouble anywhere, we ought to get it here," and a faint smile broke his stolid, expressionless face.

The words gave Dick courage.

"Gee, I remember this country, and stroking his chin as though it were a beard, he looked into the future and made a prediction:

"Now 50 years ago," he said with a farmer-like drawl, "I went through this town."

Was he foreseeing his release from prison already?

Then came the last tap. The moon had come out and its silver light left a blue tinge on the black of night. The great walls of the penitentiary loomed up.

"There they are."

Leopold had spoken his last words before going within them.

Loeb sat there in silence.

There they were—those great massive barricades. Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Jr., passed within those walls "for the rest of their natural lives and 99 years."

MERGERS BRING RICHES TO PAIR

Van Sweringen Brothers Find Transportation Profits Surpass Realty.

O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, Cleveland, who in 1916 began backing their idea of railway consolidation with wide experience in real estate dealing and $2,000,000 in cash, now have a potential profit of at least $25,000,000, according to estimates by railroad bankers and statisticians. This rise in their fortunes, according to the experts, depends upon the successful culmination of the proposed merger of the Erie, Nickel Plate, Pere Marquette, Chesapeake & Ohio and Hocking Valley lines.

The board of directors of all these lines have recommended that stockholders ratify the merger, said to be the greatest in railway history. The profits of the Van Sweringens, it was pointed out, are represented by their holdings in the various lines and the rise in stock values as a consequence of the mergers. It was asserted that the fortune may run to much larger figures when the deal is completed, or at the same time it would be lower if the brothers attempted to convert their holdings into cash, due to the slump which would be caused by throwing so many securities on the market.

The major portion of the Van Sweringens' fortune, about $13,000,000, is said to have come from the Lake Erie & Western and the original Nickel Plate venture.

Salt made from sea water is the product of a large California industry.

MAINE ELECTION BLOW TO 'DEMS

Democrat Leaders Prefer to Tabulate Results in November.

The Maine election, in the outcome of which the Democrats had more confidence than they had display in 20 years, is a disastrous blow to them. It takes away their props, shows that the klan-Davis issue is not as good a vote-getter as it might be because it is a two-edged sword that cuts two ways, and testifies to the dumb eloquence the powerful undercurrent of sentiment for everything Coolidge.

Democrats are discouraged because they have no explanation. Their only decision may have an important bearing upon utterances of John W. Davis in relation to the klan.

Analysis of the Maine figures shows that the G. O. P. won a really remarkable victory, all the more surprising because Ralph O. Brewster, governor-elect, was not generally regarded as a strong candidate. There was nothing particularly wrong with him, but he is a Christian Scientist and as such elicited the support of the medical fraternity. He also had differences with the legal profession and this cost him aid in that quarter.

G. O. P. Trend Seen.

Republicans carried Maine in 1920 for Harding by 77,000 and the G. O. P. nominee for governor won by 65,000. When Senator Fernald was first elected in 1916, his plurality was 13,000. In 1918, when he ran for the full six-year term, the plurality was almost the same. This time it is increased to more than 47,000. Democrats made the klan the issue, but Fernald and Brewster made support of the national administration and Calvin Coolidge their platform, and upon it they won decisively.

The Maine vote unquestionably indicates a Republican trend. It seems to prove the Coolidge strength in the East, and the political result of it, according to the colorful language of Senator Moses, chairman of the senatorial campaign committee, is to "eviscerate the Democratic campaign." So far as the East is concerned, Senator Moses declared, "it is all over. The people are not going to tamper with the ballot for fear spilling the Coolidge vote."

The glowing predictions of Democrats respecting the outcome in Maine indulged in by Thomas J. Spellacy, eastern manager, and even Clem L. Shaver were laughable. The usually reticent Shaver, who declared there would be a Democratic victory, was silent except for a prepared statement in which he took cognizance of the "current discussion concerning the election of a president by congress."

Davis Figures.

Mr. Shaver avers, there never has been any solid basis for believing that the election of the president would be thrown into the house. He then figures that Davis will get 140 electoral votes in the solid South (which is reasonably sure of 65 more, making a total of 204 so that Davis would need to get only 62 votes in the doubtful states to win, whereas Coolidge will have to get 128 for the election. To add to 138 votes of which Republicans are reasonably sure.

He closes with this:

"Wise politicians do not carry November elections in September. The best time to count the votes is the morning after election day, but it is just as well to get rid at once of the nonsensical notion being spread by Republicans that Coolidge is the leading candidate, and that it is necessary to vote for him to keep the election out of congress. Just the reverse is true."

Jazz Drives Romance From South Seas

Moving pictures and radio, jazz music, motor cars and bobbed hair have crowded out the old native customs of Tahiti, and some of the romance of the South Seas would appear to be on the wane.

Time was when July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile was the great native festival of these islands. There were singing and dancing contests among the native clans, prepared for months in advance, and the competition for real excellence was keen.

This year only a few small and mediocre companies entered the contests, and interest was lacking. The principal centers of attraction were the dancing pavilians. Along the waterfront where jazz bands led the revellers in fox trots to a continuous flow of champagne.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

ALTHOUGH remaining faithful to the new policy of decreasing military burdens, Japan eventually hopes to make good the armament losses she sustained in the earthquake and fire of last year, says a communication received by the League of Nations from the Japanese delegation to Geneva.

Shortly after he had joined in tribute to Edward F. Geers, who was killed in a horse race at Wheeling, W. Va., Tommy Hinds was thrown to his death in a collision between sulkies at the New York state fair grounds last week.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen of Ohio has indorsed Governor Donahey for re-election.

An easy victory for Frederick H. Gillette was the outcome of the three-cornered contest fr the Republican nomination for United States senator in the Massachusetts primaries.

Four hitherto suppressed indictments against Colonel Charles R. Forbes, former head of the Veterans' bureau, have been made public. Charges are the same as those in the original bills.

Reports were received in Peking last week that a revolt has broken out in Urga, Mongolia, among young Mongalians, backed by Soviet Russia. The revolutionists imprisoned all foreigners, including several Americans.

Dr. William H. McCullagh, officer in the British forces during the World war, has been ordered deported by immigration officials because of his infatuation for a New York broker's daughter, which "deprived him of the self-control required by the conventions of modern society."

The tri-state board of the United Mine Workers of America in session in Wilkesbarre, Pa., last week concurred in the recommendation of the American Federation of Labor endorsing LaFollette and Wheeler and congressional candidates approved by the independent party.

The dirigible ZR-3, soon to become the property of the United States, made its third trial flight last week, and the largest crowd ever assembled to greet a dirigible welcomed the ship's return after eight hours in the air. The ship was built in Germany.

FRENCH bankers are to take five per cent or 40,000,000 gold marks of the first loan of 800,000,000 gold marks under the Dawes reparation plan, a Paris newspaper declares it understands, but it has not been decided whether the banks shall retain the securities themselves or offer them to the public.

Malcolm MacDonald, son of Great Britain's prime minister, was a visitor in New York last week. He came as England's representative of the Oxford Union to debate with 17 colleges in the United States and Canada.

Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio will pilot the Coolidge-Dawes caravan campaign that has for its itinerary 300 cities and towns between New England and the Pacific coast.

Senator LaFollette last week told a group of labor leaders who are supporting his candidacy for president that "as things stand we have an absolutely even break to win."

Fifty-six Boy Scouts of America returned to the United States last week after winning first honors in the International Boy Scout Jamboree in Europe.

Four policemen and 11 Filipino strikers were killed last week in a fight on the island of Kauai in the Hawaiian islands.

Evidence for and against Captain Paxton Hibben, whose fitness to retain his commission in the officers' reserve corps is under investigation by an army board of inquiry, was completed last week.

A world propaganda scheme to acquaint the masses with the unfortunate consequences of the use of dope will be carried out through the League of Nations, if present plans are adopted.

John Coolidge, son of President and Mrs. Coolidge, left Washington last week to enter Amherst college where he will enroll as a freshman.

The secret marriage two months ago of Agnes Ayres, moving picture actress, and S. Manuel Reachi, commercial attache of the Mexican consulate general at San Francisco, was revealed last week.

Locusts which flooded the right of way near Munoz, Vera Cruz, Mexico, almost wrecked a train on the Interoceanic railway and blocked traffic recently.

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS was nominated by the Michigan Republicans for U. S. senator over Judge Arthur J. Tuttle. The senator's political enemies charged him with failure to support the national Republican administration. Governor Groesbeck was nominated for governor again.

The Independent Progressive party, headed by LaFollette and Wheeler, was assured a place on the Ohio ballot in the November election when petitions bearing nearly 28,000 signatures had been filed with the secretary of state.

By a vote of 454 to 336, Brigadier General John Dunn defeated Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett for reelection as commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

President Coolidge has issued a proclamation designating Oct. 9 as national fire prevention day. It will be the 53rd anniversary of the great Chicago fire.

More than 50 Japanese seamen were drowned last week as the result of the collision and sinking of two torpedo boats off Yakosuka.

Secretary of Commerce Hoover and Secretary of Labor Davis will be two of the principal speakers at the annual Safety congress of the National Safety council to be held in Louisville, Ky., from Sept. 29 to Oct. 3.

Delegates to the Ohio State Federation of Labor convention in session in Springfield, Ohio, adopted a resolution for modification of the Volstead act to permit the sale of beer with 2.75 per cent alcohol by weight, and light wines.

The Prince of Wales last week had his first ride in a New York subway, and for the second time ascended to the pinnacle of the Woolworth building to have a look at New York and the harbor.

The Brazilian rebel forces in the state of Sao Paulo have been defeated decisively by federal troops and driven toward Parans, says a dispatch from Rio Janeiro.

Examination of the eyes of traffic law violators convicted of careless driving is being ordered by Judge Orr of Cleveland, presiding in traffic court. He believes that a large portion of accidents can be traced to defective vision of drivers.

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RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

SMALL TOWN PARK— Blessing to Young and Old.

We accepted invitation to take part in a homecoming program which was held in a small town with good country roundabout.

The town has a mayor. Most towns have. But this mayor was a real fellow. Common sense and always working to make the whole town and trade district better. He took interest in young and old folks. Two or three years ago he secured option for a park at the edge of his town. There were some kickers. But his plan met with favor. The town is glad it has a playground and a beauty spot, which few towns do not have.

Shade trees and shrubbery and flowers have been planted in this park. Most of this work and cost was met by contributions. The mayor rolls up farmers and asks for an active one or more days' work hauling cinders, stone or gravel for walks and driveways in the park.

The farmers have really done as much more than the town folks have done in this line. They have helped set out trees and dig the flowers. The merchants have been generous in donating money where labor had to be used to beautify the park.

The homecoming was advertised for miles around. The crowd came and the old town of less than 1,000 people was on the map. Town and country folks were there. All had a good time and good humor. Oldtimers came from far away.

Next year the mayor will have a big swimming pool made in the park. He has promises of enough donation work to accomplish this. He finds the whole community takes more interest when it donates time and cash than the folks do when they get something by paying tax.

The odd thing about this affair is that the country people seem to be taking more interest and giving more time to make this park a beauty spot than the town folk. The ball games are played there. The family reunions and picnics are held there. It is a community center.

We wonder why other towns and communities could not do things in this way and be the better for so doing. Some towns have dead-fish mayors. This mayor has done a lot of things for his town. He gets a salary of $75 a year and is a poor man as the world measures men.

THINK OF THE SILO— Fill It With What?

Silos are money makers if you know how to handle them. They make the flow of milk more. They make the dairy pay. Cows love good silage.

If you want dollars and cents information on silos, write a letter to State College and Experiment Station, State College, Pa., and ask for Extension Circular No. 72, on "Filling Silos."

What is the value of sunflower silage? As a rule, it lessens milk flow. What about oats and field peas for silage? Is there anything that beats corn for silo filling?

Get the circular. Free for asking. Cheap enough. Will make you richer. Here are two suggestions we clip from the Pennsylvania Farmer and taken from above named circular:

Soja and Canada field peas may be used to advantage for summer silage to supplement short pastures in late summer before new corn is available.

A roughage combination of clover hay and clover silage proved superior for milk production to clover hay alone as the roughage. Ensiling clover is advisable in cases where it has not been possible to fill the silo with corn or when weather conditions are such that it is difficult to cure the clover into hay.

Dry corn stover when put into the silo in the regular way and wet down with twice its weight of water goes through the same fermentation process as green corn. The silage is fairly palatable. The cows eat it with but little waste; and the practice of ensiling corn stover is feasible and advisable when farm conditions are suited for it.

THE UNION PICNIC— Grange and Farm Bureau.

We accepted an invitation to speak at a union meeting of county farm bureau and granges. The crowd was big. Folks from other counties also came.

There was team work between the two organizations. The grange is very much a social organization to which the whole family may belong and meet together.

The farm bureau is mostly business intent, but also combines a lot of social features with business. The question is often asked why have the two crowds? In some places there is some friction between them.

On this occasion there was real co-operation. The honors were evenly divided. Some 40 different contests were on the program. Nearly $150 in cash prizes were offered for all kinds of stunts for young and old, men and women, boys and girls.

Every county should have its big rally day. Get acquainted. Maybe you will like your neighbor then. Do it now.

ODD OLD SALE BILL— Copper Stills and Slaves.

Yes, times change; so do folks. We still see sales bills posted now and then. Somebody is always selling out and going somewhere.

As a rule we do not like to read public sale bills. There is seldom a happy story connected with these sales. Usually means a death and the breaking up of an old family estate, or perhaps financial failure.

Here is what an old sale had to say 75 years ago. We pick it up from a home weekly paper. It tells a story of other days. Here is the bill of particulars:

"Having sold my farm and am leaving for Oregon Territory by ox team, will offer on March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, towit: all ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben and Tom and Jerry; 2 milk cows, 1 gray mare and colt; 1 pair of oxen and yoke; 1 baby yoke; 2 ox carts, 1 iron plow with wood mole board; 800 feet of poplar weather boards; 1,500 10-foot fence rails; 1 60-gallon soap kettle; 85 sugar troughs made of white ash timber; 10 gallons of maple syrup; 2 spinning wheels; 30 pounds mutton tallow; 1 large loom made by Jerry Wilson; 300 hoop poles; 100 empty barrels; 1 32-gallon barrel of Johnson Miller whisky, 7 years old; 20 gallons of apple brandy; 1 40-gallon copper still; oak tan leather; 1 dozen reel hooks; 2 handle hooks; 3 scythes and cradles; 1 dozen wood pitchforks; one-half interest in tan yard; 1 32-caliber rifle; bullet mold and powder horn, rifle made by Ben Miller; 50 gallons of soft soap; hams, bacon and lard; 40 gallons of sorghum molasses; 6 head of fox hounds, all soft-mouthed except one.

"At the same time I will sell my six negro slaves—two men 35 and 50 years old, two boys, mulatto wenches 40 and 30 years old. Will sell all together to same party as will not separate them.—J. L. Moss."

PICNIC SEASON OVER— Summer Gala Days Do Good.

Did you go to one or more picnics this summer? You owe it to yourself to do so. Go and be gay and glad. Make others feel the same way.

Did you help to arrange the picnic program? If this was part of your work did you know how to do it? Many do not know how, and the program is often a bungle. Make folks comfortable. Have conveniences.

Do not load the program. Give children something to do. Have a plan that will not punish the crowd or bore it. Keep automobiles away from program stand. Have plenty of good water. Germs often lurk in water used at picnic parties. Beware.

A master hand is needed to make a picnic a real success. The day should be worth while to all who attend. Many picnics are actually awkward. A few small details would improve them a lot. If mistakes were made this year, do not repeat them in 1925.

OHIO HITS THE WETS— Voters Want Them Not.

In Ohio primary election to nominate candidates for state officers the noisy wets got a hard jolt from the voters.

On the Republican ticket the wet candidate was fifth in the race. He stood for light wines and beer. He did the same two years ago and was snowed under. There were eight Republican candidates. If a wet man was wanted for governor he ought to win with one wet and seven drys.

In the Democratic primary there was one wet candidate and one dry. The present Democratic dry governor of Ohio got five votes to one for the man who ran against him. As a rule, the Democratic voters have been more wet than dry in the years gone by. Even they see that the country is dry.

This result in Ohio is what ought to happen to the wet candidates in every state. The noise is made by the wets. They try to get wet officers sworn in to enforce the dry law. Many of these officers immediately become blind and deaf and do not try to enforce the law. They do not want to see or hear anything. They make money by being traitors to their country.

Read the Blade. Get your neighbor to do so. Bootleggers and moonshine boozers have no use for law and order. Do it now.

BOY WRECKS TRAIN— Who Is to Take Blame?

Raising children right, is one of the biggest jobs on earth. When some of our young folks get into trouble and into jail the neighbors always discuss the "Raising" of the boy or girl. Many comments and often unkind remarks are made that the parents never hear.

We have before us a news story which tells of a youngster, under 12 years old, who placed obstacles on a railroad track to see what would happen when the fast train hit it.

Train wrecked. Two people killed. Others hurt. The engineer sacrificed his life by sticking to his engine, or many of the passengers might have been killed. Why should two human beings be thrust into eternity to satisfy the curiosity of a foolish kid?

Where did the boy get the idea? Was it a picture show that gave him the hint? Why do we have more of these juniors getting into trouble these fast days of living? Do we neglect home training and discipline? Do we neglect attendance at church and Sunday school? Is it the movie, bad company or bad reading that put these dangerous vagaries into youthful minds?

Scrub bulls die eventually. Why not now?

ELECT OR APPOINT— Which Gets Best Service?

"Yes, it is hard to get an elective officer to do his whole duty. He is usually looking for votes for another term. As a rule, the man who is appointed to an office will be fearless and give better service when it comes to enforcing the law and being able to see and to hear what crime is going on."

This statement was made by a man who is past 50 and who has held both elective and appointive office. He has had a lot of experience in public life, and as a rule he hits the nail on the head when he talks.

In the coming election men will be elected to the office of sheriff of your county. Too many sheriffs are milk and water fellows. Not many, but too many. They are not afraid of a gun or a bully or any physical danger, but they are afraid of making somebody mad and are afraid they wont get votes next time.

This is one office in which country folks are interested because farm people are, nine times out of 10, lined up on the right side of moral questions.

HONOR BEST FARMER— Erect Monument to Him.

We favor building a monument to the best farmer in each state of the Union. Why not? We build monuments to soldiers, statesmen, artists, music masters, scholars, orators and other heroes. Why not pay tribute to those who feed them all?

Why not make some rules and regulations as to how to judge a farm and farmer? Give him a score card to work by. After five or 10 years take the measure of all who have entered the race. The highest score, the best common sense farmer to be given the honor.

When this is done let the entire state unite in erecting a suitable monument to the best farmer in the state. Tax the state to get the money. The whole state, the whole nation and civilization are mightily interested in the meal ticket. Such a program will work wonders. But too many farmers will be jealous and the first to kick on such a tax.

FARM BOYS AT FAIR— Prizes Offered for Essay.

"Why a farm boy should attend the state fair." One state fair has offered a big prize for the best essay written by a farm boy on this question or subject.

What could or would you say if you were to write a story on this subject? What reasons would you give for a boy spending money to go to a big state exposition? Would it be worth the money and time? What good would it do the boy?

We wonder why a prize was not offered for the best essay why the farm girl should stay at home while her brother goes to the big show.

Yes, the boy and girl should both go. It is a great treat. If the parents would say to the youngsters that they must attend the fair and get good out of it there might be more youngsters staying on the farm.

Makes junior farmers take more pride in their business if they can travel a little now and then to places worth while.

HOT AND COLD TEA— Big Boost for This Drink.

Yes, grandmother likes her tea. So do a lot of folks. Tea runs a good race with coffee as a beverage. Many claim that coffee is injurious to the human system of nerves and bodily welfare.

Now comes a noted writer and says that it is possible to add 50 years to our average life time. He thinks the drinking of tea will help do this. It has heat and life in it.

Here is what we pluck from the news of the day about tea, hot and cold, as you like it:

Scientists have discovered in tea a new vitamine called "bios," the Greek for "life."

There is no doubt that tea possesses great powers. Men working in the woods at 40 degrees below zero drink cold tea and say they get from it heat, another name for life.

Mongolians drinking great quantities of tea, sometimes with yak butter and yak ham floating around on top of it, have remarkable endurance and live long.

Greater knowledge of the vitamines and of our assortment of "ductless" glands will add 50 years to the average life before this century ends.

What about "birth control" then?

SCHOOL HOUSE WELL— Is Water Pure?

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket that hung in the well, used to make good poetry and does yet. Some of our readers have often drunk from that old bucket, and no doubt the water was pure.

Now is the time of year when the school is at work. In many places the school house well has not been protected as it should have been during vacation time, and the health of the children may be placed in peril.

A survey of many school house wells shows that nearly half of these wells have water that is more or less contaminated, and that the doctor bills and funeral expenses caused thereby would more than pay the cost of having pure water for the school house.

We have in mind mostly the country one-room school. At some of these the water is taken for drinking purposes from surface wells. In some smaller towns the purity of the water is not safeguarded as it should be.

In larger towns and cities the drinking water must be tested and the chemists must certify that the water is pure and free from disease germs. If this protection is given to children in larger places, why not give the boys and girls in smaller places and in the country the same safeguards?

Think it over. Farm folks ought to think as much of children's safety as do parents in towns and cities.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS— Cigaret License Money.

We read in a weekly newspaper that a county had received $2,000 as its share of the license money received for the privilege of selling cigarets to customers in that county.

Twice $2,000 is $4,000 license money that the county cigaret dealers paid in that one rural county. We wonder how many thousand dollars' worth of cigarets were sold at the regular retail price.

Could not this, and every other county find better ways of raising revenue than to permit cigarets to be sold? Older folks will smoke, of course. But the cigaret is the first step taken by the school boy and school girl in their smoking career.

Once this step is taken a second step is easier to take. Our advice is that cigaret license money is well-nigh a disgrace to a town or county. Some day we will all agree. Just now our appetite controls our judgment and habit has us chained hand and foot.

FORD TALKS ON WHEAT— Gamblers Boost the Price.

"Gamblers and politicians boost the price of wheat. There is a big surplus on hand. At Montreal there are boatloads of wheat awaiting shipment. If there was a real shortage this wheat would be moving.

"These fluctuations in prices are caused by gambling. They come from higher causes than a natural world shortage of acreage and production."

Henry Ford is the wonder business man of the world today. He is the wizard of money making. He can see tomorrow. He uses common sense to make copper cents.

He knows that some political bosses want to fool the farmers on the market to make votes one way or the other. Then again, those who gamble on the stock and wheat markets often make more money on wheat in 10 minutes than the farmer makes in 10 months.

Ford wants cheaper transportation. He wants to reduce freight rates on his railroad, but the government at Washington will not let him do it because the other railroads do not want to reduce rates.

Ford wants a canal from the lakes to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic ocean, through the St. Lawrence river route. He also wants more water power used because the coal trust has been charging too much for coal, in his judgment.

Ford wants farmers to reduce expenses and cut out some of their expensive habits. He says business will come out all right. He says that he will keep his shops running at full capacity all winter. He thinks hard times are brought about by all folks talking and thinking that way.

He says that a lot of business men have overproduced their product and can not sell what they have on hand. He thinks that they, too, should learn the lesson of good business and produce only what they can sell.

High price of wheat, induced by artificial methods, will not bring to the farmer the long hoped for prosperity which he needs to get him out of the "blues."

The bosses would like to fool the farmer for a few weeks and then soak him for another four years. Both sides play at the game.

IT'S A SAD STORY— Hubby Had to Go Back.

Funny old world. A husband ran away with another woman. She died. He had to go back to his wife. Hard luck for the wife. She ought to have gotten rid of the fool altogether.

This story happened in a city. This crop grows better in a big town than it does on the farm. Men have more sense in the country or else they are afraid, or the other woman is afraid.

There is a difference between the harvest on the farm and the harvest that grows in the big city. All is not gold that glitters. Yet it often happens that the wife is more anxious than the husband to move into town or city and leave the farm. Think it over. Do it now.

JUDGE MAKES MISTAKE— Youthful Fools Get Wed.

We have just read of a case in court where the judge may have followed the letter of the law, but did not follow the rule of common sense.

A man, 25 years old, married a girl 12 years old. The parents went into court and asked that the marriage be annulled and the girl given back to them to raise. The parents charged that the groom swore to a lie about the age of the girl to get the marriage license.

The judge ruled against the parents. He said the girl could go back if she wanted to do so and the marriage could be declared void if the baby bride would herself ask that the knot be untied. This the kid refuses to do.

If we had been the judge the parents would have gotten the girl with orders to take her home and once each day for a week receive a good spanking, and the kidnaper husband put in jail until the child grew up to an age to be married according to law.

We wonder whether all mothers know what their children are thinking about or to what temptation they are tested. Better be confidential with the children. It will save heartaches, regrets and court costs and family disgrace.

IT'S STATE FAIR TIME— Why Not See Show?

Are you on good terms with your home state fair? If not, why not? It is a great university on parade and exhibition. It is the show window and trade mark of your state. It represents you. You ought to help to make it good.

If you cannot exhibit something, then you ought to make up your shortcoming by being a big booster for this great annual event, which is the mirror that reflects the farmer and his farm. Be in the front rank in helping to make your state good and great. You will sleep better if you do your duty to your state fair.

A WOMAN PRESIDENT— When Will She Arrive?

Some day Uncle Sam will have a lady boss. She is sure to be president of the U. S. A. Just when, we do not know.

Why not let her try her hand? She will do no worse than most of our men. She may do better and set a good example in statecraft. We are willing to risk it.

Today one of the happiest and most prosperous nation is the Netherlands, where a queen reigns over her people with such kindness and fairness that 99 out of 100 of her Dutch people would gladly lay down human life for her sake.

This cannot be said of many rulers or of many nations. Love and justice are two great medicines the world needs today. Queen Wilhelmina has set the example of what a woman can do. Why not others do it too?

KU KLUX KLAN— Has Been Hit Thrice.

Poor old klan. Has a hard row to hoe. Coolidge and Dawes, Davis and LaFollette have laid the lash on the klan back. They have said harsh things about the crowd that wears bedsheet gowns in public.

No doubt the klansmen are glad to get so much free advertising. The chances are they will pay no attention to unkind things said about them and their tribe. They will likely center their vote on some one man for president and vice president.

They may have the balance of power in several states. It is possible they will have a deciding vote in the presidential contest. They seem to thrive on opposition and criticism.

They insist that they have a right to demand enforcement of law and to be 100 per cent American. Many women are in sympathy with the objects of the klan, which in many respects is a secret organization.

GIRL BEAUTY CONTESTS— Sure to Spoil the Lassie.

Many of the big newspapers help to promote what is known as beauty contests. They ought to be called spoiling the girl contests.

It is just a fad. A lot of folks like to feed on that Vanity Fair cheap stuff. A big fuss is made over the girl who wins. She is put on exhibition which many real ladies would not take part in.

She at once gets the swell head. Knows more than her parents. Does not feel that she needs advice from her parents or anybody else. She is like the butterfly. Has her season and is then forgotten. It is a victory of thin veneer. Soon wears off. Mighty hard for the girl to get back to real life and living once more. Real beauty seldom likes to be the spotlight of the mob where rude and vulgar remarks are made. Better not win fame by this route. Help mother in her home work. It wears longer.

AN OLDEN DAY'S POPULAR HERO

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 21 Is, "Jesus Makes a Missionary Tour—" Marp 1:35-45.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same"

are the lines from Kipling's "If" that mean most to public men. Has there ever been a great figure in the affairs of mankind who has not had both his ups and downs, his periods of popularity and his periods of disfavor? God pity the man whose philosophy is fitted only to guide him through golden hours.

As in most things else the life of Jesus was representative in this also. He knew how to be exalted and He knew how to be debased. In both experiences He maintained the steady mind of one bent only upon doing His work and upon fulfilling His mission, regardless of the attitude of the people toward Him. His was an inner peace which no outer storms could ruffle.

High Hours of a Lowly Heart.

Nevertheless, pulpit and printed page have been somewhat less than fair in their presentation of the career of Christ. He is nearly always represented as "The Man of Sorrows," "despised and rejected of men." Books have been written about Him as "The Great Failure." The figure that has been oftenest portrayed is that of the misrepresented, maligned, misunderstood Victim. The casual commentator would almost be warranted in declaring that Jesus walked a solitary way of suffering to the Great Repudiation at Calvary.

In truth, though, His brow wore the chaplet of laurel before it bore the crown of thorns. By common standards, Jesus was a great success before He became a great failure. He heard the huzzahs of admiration before ever His ears were smitten with cries of "Crucify him!" Jesus tasted all the sweets of success: popularity, power, adulation.

Our lesson deals with the period when His world was going wild over the Master. His name was upon everybody's lips. He was the topic of talk everywhere. High and low discussed His goings and comings. His startling words and His marvelous works. People made pilgrimage just to see and hear Him. Even when He sought solitude in the wilderness, "they came to Him from every quarter." As His disciples said, "All men seek for thee."

In the old lakeside city of Capernaum, where Jesus lived at this time, He was the season's sensation. "All the city was gathered together at the door." The whole varied assortment of human needs fairly mobbed this new Healer. It must have been a comfort to Christ in His bitter hours of rejection to recall the days when He was the center of a tumultuous outreaching throng whom He helped.

A City of Many Memories.

Recently, a press association dispatch reported the discovery of the ruins of the city of Capernaum, once the home of Christ. Many persons must have chuckled upon reading the news, for it meant merely that the correspondent has found out the existence of the remains of the old city which the Austrian Franciscans dug up long decades ago. Thousands of travelers have visited "Tell Hum" as the local name is. Twice, by day and by night, I have made pilgrimage to these excavations, and been the guest of the kindly, hospitable old monk in charge.

Few spots make the earthly ministry of Jesus seem so real and near as these impressive Capernaum ruins. Amidst these desolate pillars and marbles, one's imagination recreates the scene when this long-dead city was vocal with acclaim of Christ; when its streets, now buried or deserted, were thronged with tumultuous multitudes all bent on getting a glimpse of the new Healer-Prophet.

Completest of all the excavations effected here by the Franciscans is that of the great synagogue—doubtless the one built by the centurian. The whole ground floor of the synagogue has been exposed, so that one may know where the now prostrate pillars once rose; and it is possible to understand the position of the Master when He arose to speak. The capitals of the pillars are beautifully decorated with olives and pomegranates and six-pointed stars.

Most moving of all the visitor may stand on the very portico or vestibule of the unearthed synagogue, and look south over the lovely lake, in the assurance that these very stones were once trodden by the best known resident of Capernaum, the Great Teacher who resorted to its synagogue. There is no better place in the world to muse upon the popular Christ, whom this city so signally honored for a season; and to contrast the present universal praise that is accorded to Christ.

Getting Away From Crowds.

Actors and actresses who are in the limelight acquire almost a mania for more limelight. Most theatrical quarrels are over this question. A passion for publicity possesses them. They jealously measure the amount of applause they receive. The hands of the public are their standard of success.

Note how differently the really great behave, as shown by the conduct of Christ. At the apex of His prestige He fled from the crowds into the desert places. He knew the spiritual perils of praise and popularity; so He was true to His own invariable spiritual standard: "The Father who seest in secret." He could treat both triumph and disaster as imposters; in the serene knowledge that "He that judgeth Me is the Lord." Woe to the worker who has not surer test of success than the fickle multitudes applause! And doubly woe to the busy and successful person who knows not the art of retreating far from the world's noisy echoes to the quiet of communion with God.

Another noteworthy fact about the behavior of Jesus in the midst of His popularity, with a city going wild over Him, was that He deliberately turned His back on it all and made a healing tour of the towns and villages of Galilee. True, there were all the sick He could serve in Capernaum; but His mission called for the creation of facil of interest and service in as many places as possible. His call was to the whole world. Had He waited until all the need in Capernaum was met, He would never have passed outside the city gates. This whole phase of the life of Jesus is a study in efficiency and statecraft. Afoot, in lowliest fashion, moving from village to village, and dependent upon local hospitality always, the Master made a model medical missionary itineration.

He Couldn't Help Helping.

I have just spent a week with a friend who has become a really great, though not a famous man, by lifelong practice of simple helpfulness. He simply can't help being helpful—whether in carrying more than his share of water for the camp, or in bettering boys' lot in life, or in raising public standards of appreciation of art, or in promoting international amity.

All in the new I have had to appraise the character of this old friend, counting up to myself some of his achievement, and it is a wonderful life that he has lived—all by being unassertively helpful in as many ways as possible. Few men of our generation have planted the seeds of their personal influence as widely as this modest talented man.

He caught the contagion of helpfulness, of course, from the Master of his life. Like Him, he has quietly gone about doing good; and he is just as keen over the latest boy to whom he is helping to give a noble career as he was over the lads in his Boys' Brigade, 30 years ago. Enthusiasm for service is a fadeless life interest.

At home in Caperiaum, or abroad throughout Galilee at this time, Jesus gave Himself without stint to a ministry of healing. This He did not merely to advertise His mission, but also because of His unwearied compassion for individuals. Matthew quotes, in this connection, the fulfillment of Isaiah's word, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our diseases." Freely translated that means that He suffered with every sufferer He met.

A sort of audacity of helpfulness marked the manner of the Master. Thus, He even touched the untouchable leper with His own hand. To get the force of that, one must have had personal observation of the repulsiveness of lepers. I have seen leprosy in Palestine, in India, in China and in Japan; and I ask no diviner token of the character of the earthly Christ than that He touched the leper, and healed him.

Not until later did His world really understand anything of Jesus as a Redeemer and Messiah; all they knew of Him was His helpfulness and His words of wisdom. Because He ministered to them for a period the populace crowned Him with all their crowns.

CONVICT GAINS FAME AT PIANO

Plays Master Selections at Missouri's State Broadcasting Station.

Many people regard a prison as the last place in which to achieve fame, but the case of Harry Snodgrass, convict in the Missouri penitentiary, is an exception. For Harry, although serving a term behind the stone walls of the state prison, has not only achieved renown, but he has acquired nation-wide fame, as well—chiefly due to radio. More than two years ago he was sentenced to serve three years on the charge of attempted robbery. He entered prison virtually unknown, but today his name is familiar to persons in almost every section of the country.

Harry brought a gift of his fingers with him. He is a pianist of rare ability and can play with extraordinary skill and technique, several masters have declared. Soon he was playing once a week or more at station WOS, the state radiocasting station, one of the most powerful in the country.

People began to write asking who the "wonderful" pianist was. His name became known, and now Snodgrass' renditions both of popular and classical music are given to a wide radio audience.

What Harry will do when he gains his liberty is not known, but he can have his pick of a score of good positions playing the piano in several sections of the country, according to prison officials.

YANKEES GUARD CHILE'S LEADER

President Takes Refuge in American Embassy; Resignation Refused.

The Chilean senate last week again rejected President Alessandri's resignation, but permitted him six months' leave of absence from the country. The proposal was also approved later by the chamber of deputies and Senor Alessandri was expected to leave for Buenos Aires soon. Both houses of congress were convened to reconsider the senate's previous rejection of the president's resignation. Senor Alessandri insisting on such reconsideration and the new military government also favoring it.

Small manifestations of sympathy for Senor Alessandri are taking place, and the American embassy where he is staying is being visited by numerous friends.

The capital is quiet, but an air of expectancy prevails. The governmental crisis which was partly solved by a reorganization of the cabinet was precipitated by army officers who demanded various reforms, including a government along nonpolitical lines.

There are more than 5,000 farmers' grain elevators in the United States.

ASTHMA

TREATMENT sent any sufferer by mail on FREE trial. If it cures send $1.00. If not, don't. Write today. W. K. STERLINE, 6310 Ble Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO

COOLIDGE VICTOR, CAMPAIGN IS OVER, BUTLER'S OPINION

William M. Butler, chairman of the Republican national committee, returned to national headquarters in Chicago, last week, conferred with his aides and a number of party leaders, and then announced that "the one fact plain to all observers of this campaign is that John W. Davis, the Democratic presidential nominee, has been eliminated from the contest.

"Mr. Davis ranks third the country over almost without exception," the statement continued. "This is an extraordinary state of affairs for a period two months before the election. Chairman Clem Shaver in Washington has sadly admitted that there is a half truth in this statement and he will no doubt bend his every energy to correct it.

Will Gain Some Ground.

"It is impossible that Mr. Davis could grow much weaker, therefore I expect that he will have a new wave by the first of October. That, however, will come by the natural return to his own party of people who temporarily are following the Socialist third party ticket. By that time they will have a clearer vision of where they are being led and the identity of the persons and forces leading them as well as the Socialist issues to which they are being committed. So a large number will return to the Democratic fold. But at the same time we will secure a very considerable number of these voters who will be attracted by the plain common sense and honesty of the Coolidge candidacy.

"The official leaders of the Democratic party, if I have read their newspaper organs and prophets aright have already sensed this situation. We have been advised in New York that Democratic strategy now calls for the abandonment of the Northwestern and Pacific coast states and the intensifying of the campaign in the East in the hope of creating a combination of the solid South and Eastern states electoral votes.

Going Too Far.

"But even their most optimistic supporters do not attempt to claim New York or New Jersey, and when Vance McCormick attempted to talk hopefully of Pennsylvania as being won from Republican control the Democratic papers allowed he was carrying the joke too far.

"Mr. Davis has lost because he has failed to strike. He has not lost because of lack of the skill of campaign management. He has not been confounded by any strategy which I or my associates have developed. The people have of themselves decided that he is not the man. His speeches although gracefully worded lack the common sense of the President.

"As to the activities of the Socialist third party, I am not disturbed.

Throwing Votes Away.

"There is a growing appreciation among those who have admired LaFollette that a vote for the senator would be a vote thrown away, or, put another way, a half vote for Davis, who in no way arouses their interest.

"This is particularly true of the agricultural sections. Farmers not only have respect for the ability, integrity and honesty of President Coolidge, but they believe in the principles and the policies of the Republican party."

WOMEN WANT VEILS RAISED

Arab Feminists Follow Example of Their Western Sisters.

The stubborn conservation of the Mohammedan custom with regard to the social isolation of the women in Palestine may soon give way before the movement launched by Arab feminists for the removal of the veil. The Holy Land, backward in many respects, is behind such Moslem countries as Turkey and Egypt in breaking the shackles holding women in seclusion.

The movement for the enfranchisement of Moslem women is of recent origin and is traceable to the influx of people from the west, especially Jewish immigrants.

As the first step towards their emancipation, the women demand ecclesiastical sanction for the removal of the dark veil from their faces. If such flying in the face of age-long custom does not win official approval, some of the leading Arab women of Palestine are determined to do what their Moslem sisters did in Turkey, where the veil has been entirely cast off, or at least in Egypt, where only a light transparent veil is still worn extending from below the nose.

The ban on the public appearance of women has retarded the development of the Arab drama, and it is the hope of the feminists that the admittance of Moslem women to the theatrical stage will follow the removal of the veil.

Arab women of Palestine are keen not only on social emancipation, but on participation in politics.

ESKIMOS SELL WARES IN NOME

Natives Carve Ivory in Summer to Buy Supplies for Winter.

Every year since Nome can remember the entire native village of King Island makes a pilgrimage to the city, arriving July 4 and remaining most of the summer.

The natives, a clean, industrious and healthy lot, make the trip of approximately 100 miles in boats which they build from the hides of walrus. Seven of these boats carry the whole population, including all their possessions.

The King Islanders are clever carvers. Arriving in Nome with several tons of ivory, they carve the rough tusks into cribboards, gavels, forks, knives, spoons, umbrella handles, hatpins and numerous other things. The merchants and people of Nome patronize them liberally, so that the camp usually collects thousands of dollars during the season, and these profits they put back into circulation by purchasing supplies for the next winter.

These Eskimos enter the summer athletic contests at Nome and often develop athletes of ability. At other times they provide entertainments with their orchestra.

Retail Food Prices Begin to Increase

Retail food prices in 12 of 16 cities in which the labor department has completed surveys increased between July 15 and Aug. 15. The department's bureau of labor statistics announced that the increase totaled two per cent in Atlanta, Louisville, Norfolk and Providence; one per cent in Dallas, Charleston, Jacksonville, Portland, Me., St. Louis and Scranton and less than five-tenths of one per cent in Kansas City, Memphis and New York.

Slight decreases in prices were noted in Indianapolis, St. Paul, Buffalo, Detroit and New Haven.

—to have a good APPETITE!

"Yes! thank you."

A GOOD appetite means a cheerful disposition.

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We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1924

Stop, look and listen today. Don't put it off until tomorrow.

Not being catching, it is impossible to get hay fever from grass widows.

Defense Day may catch some of the drooling pacifists with their bibs in the wash.

From what we have seen of Mars we prefer staying on earth.

Lima Beane thinks the women will soon be asking for a sock-darner as a built-in feature of the modern home.

In the East the ticket will be Davis and Bryan, and in the West Bryan and Davis.

Life is short at best and shorter at the worst.

It doesn't take much to tickle a hay fever nose.

Here and there it is possible to find a human being who acts as if it is unlawful to be happy.

We'd give a dollar to smell an old-fashioned Republican torchlight parade again.

So live that you will have to ask permission to see the inside of the jail.

Neither John D. Rockefeller nor Henry Ford would trade the earth for Mars.

September is an easy month to get along with.

A professor says hard work is dangerous. Coming from a professor, it sounds like hearsay.

Believing the world is flat, Wilbur Voliva probably thinks the American airmen cut across lots.

People must be thinking seriously over the political situation. Anyway, they are not yelling.

Hope Eden says "two persons whose souls are in complete harmony" can develop telepathic powers. Finding two souls in complete harmony would seem to be a perplexing problem.

Look at the congressman with whom you are most familiar and then think over the question of whether congress should be made superior to the supreme courts of the United States.

How would the Golden Rule and Brass Tacks work together in a campaign?

Psychiatrists say it is what we don't know that frightens. If they are right it is remarkable that we are not scared half to death.

It is reactionary to believe in some good old principle upon which this government was founded and grew prosperous beyond the dreams of the founders.

Before the campaign ends most Republicans and Democrats will be mad enough to vote their party ticket.

Mars has two moons, but as far as known not a dog to bark at them.

In the signal language of hay fever two handkerchiefs mean the patient is doing as well as could be expected.

Blood will tell, but it is all the same to the mosquito.

Maine didn't seem to mind being the dog on which all the campaign issues were tried.

Lord help 'em, there are men who apparently assume that a sour attitude toward humankind is dignity.

Nothing seems to annoy his opponents more than Mr. Coolidge's absolute refusal to get excited.

What has happened in Herrin might happen in any other American community. That is the most embarrassing thought connected with the affair.

Alice Paul lets it be known that she will favor every woman candidate for political office because she is a woman. Suffrage certainly broadens the mind.

Some men go out looking for Temptation and are disappointed if they can't find her.

To be pretty a girl must feel pretty. And she simply has to be in style for that.

Straw votes are all right. Our candidate was ahead at the last count.

Jazz will not be done away with in a hurry. It serves a purpose. People who have no soul for music must have something to move their feet.

Men who are endeavoring desperately to deliver the votes of bodies organized for other than political purposes would be shocked at the suggestion that they are trying to restrict individual freedom.

Perhaps we are short-sighted, but really we can't see where anything is to be gained by taking the warts off of pickles.

We haven't heard of anybody who isn't thankful that the American flyers got home safely.

Candidates for president are not all alike. Mr. Coolidge is a doing candidate and Mr. LaFollette is a promising candidate.

"One health authority urges baths once a week." If he means Saturday night he might have said so.

An international polo game is a social affair to the players and attendants and a hoss race to the ponies.

Laying politics aside, we'll have to admit that a corncob pipe goes well with Governor Bryan's skull cap.

Killing the Constitution

The radicals are determined to restrict the powers of the supreme court if they can. They are equally determined to maintain the right of free speech, freedom of the press and the privilege of lawful assembly.

The two policies may not seem to be in conflict, but they are.

The chief business of the supreme court is to protect the people from encroachments upon their fundamental rights and liberties. The most important rulings of the court have had to do with these subjects. They have had to make decisions against laws passed by congress and signed by the president. They have sometimes been made in defiance of prevailing public opinion.

The radicals aver that congress is more to be trusted than is the supreme court. It is doubtful if the mass of the people would agree with this. It certainly is not supported by history.

Senator LaFollette and his followers propose that, if the United States supreme court holds a law to be unconstitutional, it could be made valid and constitutional merely by re-enactment by congress. Thereafter it would be court-proof.

The radicals like to call the senate a millionaires' club. They assert, and possibly with some reason, that many members of the house of representatives are controlled by minority blocs, or cliques or special interests.

Clothed with authority to nullify the decisions of the supreme court—an authority which Mr. LaFollette proposes to confer upon it—congress virtually could wipe out the constitution and all its guarantees of free speech, civil and religious liberty.

For example, congress might pass a law requiring all children to attend certain schools—either public or parochial. Or it might re-enact the Brazilian law which virtually makes it impossible for the press to criticize the government or any government official.

Such laws would be in direct conflict with the constitution. The supreme court would declare them unconstitutionl without one moment's unnesessary delay in a test case, yet under the LaFollette plan, congress might re-enact these laws and such re-enactment would "cure" the defects and inconsistencies.

The people have one source of general information—the press—which includes daily newspapers, trade journals, labor papers, rural weeklies, magazines and the radical publications which may be the least responsible and which clamor loudest for the rights of free speech and free press.

With the Brazilian muzzle law in effect here, the United States always would be perfectly governed—so far as the people would know—until some rotten mess might focus the attention of a grand jury upon it.

If congress is not to be held in line with the provisions of the constitution and no court shall have power to cast out a law in defiance of that document, then the radicals should be prepared to surrender their claims upon freedom of speech and lawful assembly. For congress is an institution of varied moods. It is swayed at times by public clamor. It is influenced at moments entirely by its own sense of grandeur. Sometimes nothing in heaven or upon earth can explain why congress has acted in some particular way at some particular time. A session of congress that might be delighted to grant radicalism all its demands and throw in the Washington monument for good measure may be followed by a session that would make the late Russian czars seem the embodiment of socialism. Such a congress would make a monkey of the bill of rights and, the supreme court being emasculated, nothing could be done about it.

The public instinct which puts more faith in the honor and good will of the supreme court than it does in the varying temperament of congress is sound. It has about one hundred and forty years of experience to back it up.

Fifty Per Cent Democracy

The vote for candidates for president in 1920 reached a total of 26,713,832. It represented an increase of about eight million votes in four years and eleven millions in eight years. Yet from tables collected by Simon Michelet of Washington, there were 96 stay-at-home electors in 1920 for every 100 who marked the ballots. The total of the absentee voters was 25,705,063.

In Pennsylvania that year 132 voters kept away from the polls for every 100 who made use of their lawful privilege. In Kentucky where politics almost rivals horse-racing as a sport there were only 24 stay-at-home voters for every 100 who registered their opinions and preferences. These are the two extremes. All the other states were in between.

A few years ago there was an election in Ireland of the sort that displays the racial capacity for controversy. In a voting district it was announced at noon that the voting had been 100 per cent. Toward evening it was learned that one qualified elector had failed to come to the polls. Alarm ran through the ranks of the political captains. They raced to the home of the absentee and found him bedridden. He was picked up, bed and all, and carried to the place of election. The district felt that it had saved its honor by only a narrow squeak.

It is submitted that this Irish community has demonstrated a better right to a system of government by the people than has been displayed in the United States for a very long time. Government by about 50 per cent of the people is not democratic government. Government by something close to a minority has its parallel more in the old monarchial Europe than in the freer Europe of today. We have slipped back and not advanced.

Politicians, newspapers and lecturers have made strenous efforts to waken electors to a better sense of their duty. A favorite method is to say that the voter who will not vote has sacrificed his right to grumble against the government. But the absentee goes on grumbling and continues to let the election days go by without voting. What shall be done about him is a puzzle. There seems to be only one possible way to remedy the evil, and that is a somewhat desperate one and possibly unconstitutional. This is the penalizing of the stay-at-home by fines or extra taxation. Assaulted in the pocketbook the American voters may acquire a sense of democracy comparing favorably with that manifested in Ireland.

An Old Question Reviving

The outcome of the Civil war seemed, for more than a generation, to settle the question of state's rights. In short, no state had any right the federal government didn't feel entitled to override. Following the apparently complete decision of an old argument, the supreme court backed up congress in suppressing the Louisiana lottery, putting railroad transportation under the control of the federal authorities and sustaining many congressional acts from the oversight of foods and drugs to the establishment of quarantines.

It is the general government and not the states that deals with trust cases today. It is Washington that deals with railroad men's wages and not officers of any of the states. The power of the federal departments has increased enormously, largely because more than fifty years ago the chief advocates of state's rights were on the losing side of a great war.

The supreme court, in the child labor cases, declared that the responsibility of the states was oozing away while their fundamental rights and duties were being encroached on by the legislative and administrative branches of the federal government. But even before the court spoke there was rumbling and grumbling over the invasion. The court merely brought the question out into the open to be threshed over again.

This issue is likely to be one of very lively discussion in the next few years. For one thing many watchful citizens have been alarmed over the increasing tendency to treat state offices as unimportant and merely as stepping stones toward offices at Washington. For another thing the weight of administration is being felt at the national capital.

There is extreme need for a redefining of the rights of the states and some sort of public decision as to whether these political divisions shall recover their one-time authority or let it fade away until it will be wise to wipe lines out altogether.

Emma Wouldn't "Whoa"

Emma Goldman is begging permission to settle down in England She wants a peg on which to hang her bonnet, while she writes an account of the women in history.

Once upon a time there was a popular song which carried the refrain, "Whoa Emma!" This Goldman woman is old enough to have known something of that song, though it seems not to have appealed to her personally. She did not heed its advice, and now she is a fit companion for "The Man Without a Country."

Emma wouldn't "whoa."

Ours is a remarkable country in many ways. One of its great blessings is free speech for anybody who wants to talk. It is an alluring privilege. Emma Goldman, endowed with the gift of gab, took full advantage of her liberty. She became a flaming torch. She talked like a house afire and the fire department out of town attending a picnic.

Emma took the thirty-third degree of free speech, which requires the candidate to put his or her foot in his or her mouth without breaking a leg. Emma qualified easily. Then it happened. The government included her in a select company of undesirables for deportation to Russia. At the time this seemed like a happy solution of a vexed problem. Soviet Russia was undergoing excessive exploitation as the most succulent red apple in all the world. The fruit was ripe and ready for picking.

The Goldman woman didn't feel so badly over her departure. Banishment to Utopia wasn't half bad. There was enchantment in the prospect. Alas for Emma! Realization of obstinate facts disillusioned her, and disillusionment made her the bitter enemy of the soviet system of government. Even Russia didn't want her and she wanted Russia less ardently than Russia cared for her. Since the revelation she has become a wanderer, with no established laundry mark.

It is a sad story. When Emma could she wouldn't "whoa." Now that she would the world says "giddap!"

Ten thousand years hence there will not be standing room for the population of the world. A still more startling thought—if there is not standing room there will not be sleeping room. This is something for the people who use twin beds to think about.

U. S. RUBBER RESOURCES

Rubber Plantations in Philippines

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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I HAVE come to Basilan to look at the new rubber plantations that are being developed by citizens of the United States. The American Rubber commission has just left, and its report will probably show whether we are to continue at the mercy of the British monopolists or become free forever by breaking through the elastic bands that now tie us hand and foot.

It is only a short time ago that the colonial authorities of the British Empire, in London assembled, seeing bankruptcy staring the rubber planters in the face, concocted a scheme to stabilize the industry and incidentally to make us pay $200,000,000 more for our rubber each year. They proposed to raise the price from 13 cents a pound, which it was then, to 37 cents a pound and keep it there. They owned in Ceylon and Malaysia plantations which produced about 75 per cent of all the commercial rubber in the world, and the Dutch had in Java and Sumatra a large part of the balance. The British thought the Dutch would come in with them and that together they would feed fat off the United States, which consumes about three-fourths of all the plantation rubber produced. They passed their new laws, rubber went up like a shot, and soon reached 39 cents a pound.

The project as published was that the planters should restrict their exportation of rubber 60 per cent, and if this did not furnish enough to supply the world at the high price, increases were to be gradually made with a raising tax of from one per cent to 100 per cent so that the price would be kept stable. This seemed reasonably safe, but the British so inflated their standard of production that the 60 per cent really equalled the normal production or more.

As soon as this was realized there was a drop in the market. At the same time the wily Hollanders refused to come in, and within the past year the price of rubber has steadily fallen from 39 cents a pound, until at this writing it is about 22 cents.

Uncle Sam Defenseless.

The plot, however, has shown Uncle Sam where he stands. Without rubber we shall be practically defenseless in war, and this elastic material now forms the very foundation of our industrial life.

A look at the situation shows how alarming it is. Last year the world used in round numbers 800,000,000 pounds of crude rubber, which is more than a half pound for every man, woman and child upon earth. Of this, almost 600,000,000 pounds were used by the United States, an amount equal to nearly 30 pounds for every family under the American flag. In contrast, the consumption of the United Kingdom was only about 30,000,000 pounds, Canada 20,000,000, France and Germany each 50,000,000, and Japan 30,000,000. The other countries consumed only a fraction of these amounts, but their grand total was more than 400,000 tons, or allowing each two-horse wagon team hauling a ton 40 feet on the roadway, enough to fill a solid caravan of rubber wagons reaching from Boston to beyond San Francisco.

Our Big Rubber Industry.

Within the past 15 years our rubber industry has become one of the richest and most important of all our large commercial undertakings. It began to jump with the use of the automobile in 1899 and it has grown by leaps and bounds every year since then. In that year we made less than 4,000 passenger cars of a value considerably under $5,000,000. Five years later the production of automobiles had increased to more than 20,000, and their value was just about $24,000,000. Ten years later the number had been multiplied more than six-fold, and the value amounted to $160,000,000. At the same time the manufacture of motor-trucks, beginning in 1904 with little more than 400, had jumped in 1909 to a production of more than 3,000, and the total income of the industry value was increased by $20,000,000 from the sale of trucks alone. I could show you the gradual climbing from year to year of the manufacture of cars and trucks, but it is enough to say that in 1922 we made 2,287,000 passenger cars, and their value was about $1,375,000,000. At the same time the output of motor trucks had jumped to a quarter of a million, and they had a value of $184,000,000. In other words, in 1922 the cars and trucks we made within the space of 12 months were just about 2,500,000 in number and they had the enormous value of almost $1,600,000,000. Every one of these vehicles was equipped with four rubber tires, so that it took 10,000,000 tires to outfit the new cars, not taking into account the motorcycles, bicycles and other rubber wheeled vehicles, and the additional tires constantly needed by the more than 12,000,000 motor vehicles, old and new, which we now have in use.

Indeed, the manufactures of rubber which we are now annually making sell for more than $1,000,000,000, and of this tires and inner tubes represent nearly one-half. We are now turning out about 400,000 solid truck tires each year valued at close to $15,000,000. These are big items for which we are practically dependent on the will of John Bull.

Have you ever thought of a world without rubber? Suppose tonight every bit of this elastic commodity should be blotted from the United States. Wake up in the morning and what would you see? Every automobile, every truck, every bicycle and motorcycle would disappear from the streets. The trains would stop, for there would be no air brakes to protect them. A fire might break out in Chicago, and the city would burn to the ground for the lack of fire hose. You might go to your work in the factories, but the machinery would be dead for the lack of rubber belting, and in milling centers like Minneapolis the grain would stop moving, for it flows over rubber from the elevators to the steel rollers that grind it to flour. The telephone system would be out of order, the incandescent light globes would not burn, and the street cars would stop. Every industry would be crippled, and the whole nation would be at a standstill. If it were raining or snowing when you awoke, you would not dare to go out for fear of the weather. There would be no rubber boots, rubber shoes, or mackintoshes and before night the whole nation would be on the sneeze.

This explains the importance to the United States of the rubber of the Philippines. We have here in our southern islands thousands of acres of land which the rubber men and scientists say could produce all the rubber used by the world for all time to come. The tropical location within 500 miles of the equator is just right, and the region is outside the belt of typhoons that might blow down the trees.

The rubber lands are situated in the Moro or Mohammedan territory, and are scattered over a half dozen islands. A vast part of them lie in the island of Mindanao with its more than 36,000 square miles, all of which will grow the Para rubber tree, the hevea Brasilisensis, which has produced most of the rubber of the Amazon valley.

On the Amazon.

It is now 27 years since I first made a trip up the Amazon through the great rubber lands of that river. I went with the rubber gatherers from tree to tree and watched them collect the sap. I tapped some of the trees, seeing the white milk run out into the cups, and took part in the crude methods of smoking the rubber hams over a rude fire in the woods. The planters told me that it took 25 years to grow one of these trees of the wilds, but here on Basilan Island the same variety of trees properly cultivated begins to bear at five years and continues its product a generation or more.

The chief rubber islands of the Philippines are Mindanao, Basilan and Palawan, but there is no doubt that rubber can be grown throughout the archipelago which runs from Minadanao to Borneo. It has long been grown with success in a small way in many places on Mindanao. There is wild rubber of several kinds in the Cotabato Valley, and ceara rubber is said to grow luxuriantly in Bukidnon and in the valley of the Agusan river.

The Island of Basilan.

The only commercial plantations, however, are here on Basilan Island, where two tracts covering altogether somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 acres have been set out after the same methods as those of Malaysia. Tens of thousands of the trees are now producing quantities of rubber for the auction markets at Singapore from where it is sent to the United States and other parts of the world. The island is almost all cultivable, and I am told that the potential rubber area covers practically the whole territory.

But first let me tell you where and what this island of Basilan is. If you would bore a hole through the earth from the United States to the other side of the world and fix your eye to it, you might see this little town of Isabella where I am writing. The steam launch which I have hired to bring me here from Mindanao lies in the harbor, and several miles back from the coast are the lands of the Basilan Plantation company, which has 90,000 trees, while on the other side of the island is the great estate of the American Rubber company, which is just coming into bearing, and is of perhaps twice that size. The island of Basilan is the easternmost of the Sulu Archipelago, a continuous chain of islands, islets and coral reefs, which connects the peninsula of Zamboanaga with the northeastern extremity of Borneo and separates the Sulu Sea from the Celesbes Sea. The Archipelago is divided into several groups, one of which is the Basilan. Basilan is the largest island of all, and there are 55 smaller islands about it which belong to this Basilan group. The main island is circular in shape, with a diameter of about 22 miles. It contains altogether just about 250,000 acres, composed of hill and hollow with little volcanic mountains varying in height from those of the Blue Ridge to those of the Alleghanies. The island is rich in timber and its hills and mountains are forest-clad to their summits. Some of the trees are of great size, and one of the rubber problems of the rubber planters is clearing the jungle so as to give the clean culture that is necessary to success.

The population of the islands is about 30,000, of which perhaps one-tenth are Christians. The remainder are Yakans, a land tribe of half aborigines who are largely employed to work the plantations, and the Samals, sea Mores, who live around the coast, and engage chiefly in fishing.

The principal town on the island is Isabela, a ragged little settlement of thatched huts, a few frame buildings roofed with galvanized iron, an old Spanish fort which now serves as the municipal headquarters, and a hospital built on posts out in the sea. This hospital is now filled with lepers awaiting their deportation to the great leper settlement of Culion. Before the Spaniards came to the Philippines the people of Basilan paid tribute to the Sultan of Sulu and they were governed by Sulu dattos. Today the presidente of Isabela is a Christian Filipino, and the island is ruled from Manila.

During my stay here I have visited both the great rubber plantations, steaming around the island to the property of the American Rubber company, which is now managed by Dr. J. W. Strong, who may be called one of the pioneer rubber growers of the world, and spending some time on the Basilan plantation managed by Mr. F. Blum, a Swiss, and owned largely by Swiss capitalists who live in Manila. The former plantation has been planned on a large scale, and its rubber trees are just coming into bearing. The Basilan plantation, which was originally laid out and planted by Dr. Strong, has now been in operation more than 12 years, and is today a paying proposition. The plantation run by Dr. Strong produces only smoked rubber, the little rubber sheets about a foot wide and two feet long with corrugations in them like those of a door-mat, which form the bulk of the rubber of commerce, but the Blum plantation is turning out the beautiful crepe rubber, long strips of white or cream yellow, which look for all the world like fancy dress goods of the finest of crepe, save that they are about as thick as the blotting paper you use on your desk.

How Rubber Is Grown.

But come with me for a ride over the Basilan plantation and see for yourself just how rubber is grown. Mr. Blum has come down to the wharf with his motor truck and will act as our guide. We shoot out of Isabela over a red dirt road as smooth as a floor, and wind our way through several miles of the plantation, great cocoanut groves lining the road on one side and rubber groves on the other. The trees are laid out in regular order, and in all directions the rows of cocoanut or rubber extend on and on. Now a great checkerboard of vegetation is before you; now the squares turn to diamonds, and again you look through what seems a great park. The cocoanut trees are numbered by tens of thousands. They are 30 feet apart, and are now yielding something like 3,000,000 cocoanuts every year. As we ride we can see the Moros and Yakans walking among the trees with poles 30 or 40 feet long. At the end of each pole is a knife which they press against the ripe nuts high overhead, and the big green balls fall to the ground. Other men are gathering the fallen nuts into carts, which the great humped bullocks of India are dragging to the mill where they will be turned into copra.

Tapping the Trees.

Now let us look at the rubber forest on the other side of the road. Here the trees are tall and slender. Some of them are 50 feet high. The trunks are of different diameters, but all have a smooth, silver gray bark, which is scarred at a point about as high from the ground as your knee. Below the scars on each tree we see a cup fastened to the trunk with a piece of galvanized wire in such a way that the milky sap or latex drops into the cup. The cup is about the size of a wine glass, or perhaps one-third the size of a beer bottle. Indeed, many of the cups are of beer bottles broken off two-thirds down from the top. These bottles were brought in during the World war when the conditions were such that there were no pottery cups to be had in the market.

Inside the Dairy.

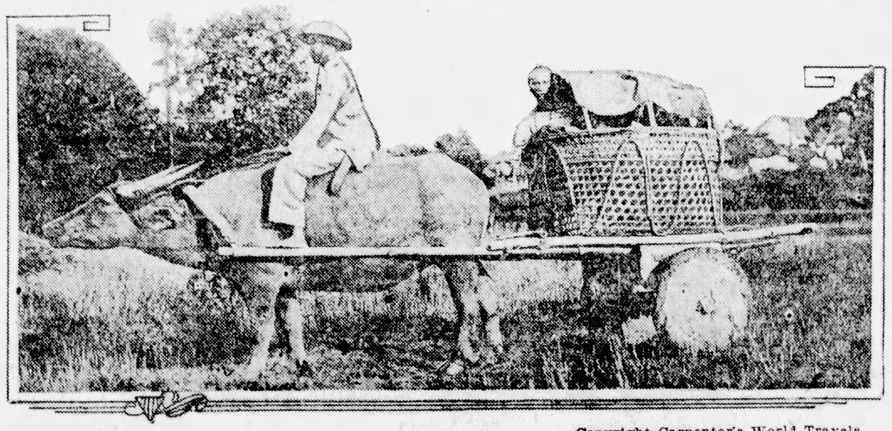
We return to the truck and ride on to the factory, where the rubber milk we have seen is turned into the rubber of commerce. I can describe this part of the business best by comparing it with a sanitary dairy where the greatest of care is taken to keep the milk clean. The dairy is a great shed roofed with galvanized iron and floored with concrete and tiles. Scattered here and there through it are concrete tables with tops of white procelain tiles fitted together as closely as those of your bathroom, and as beautifully clean as any porcelain equipped kitchen. These are the tables for cutting the rubber cheese which we shall see later on. Among these tables are vats about three feet wide, four feet long, and perhaps two feet deep. They have bases of concrete and are lined with these same tiles of white porcelain. It is into these vats that the pure white milk is poured. It lies there for awhile, till a foam comes up much like that of whipped cream. This is skimmed off, and a certain amount of acetic acid put in. This curdles the milk, and within a short time the water in it has almost all gone out and we have a soft block of rubber which looks like goat's milk cheese. It is from four to six or more inches thick and of almost the same length and breadth as the bottom of the vat.

Making the Crepe.

This block of white cheese is taken cut and laid on the porcelain table, where the brown-skinned, black-teethed workmen slice it up with great knives. Each piece is then fed into rollers of steel which work much like the rollers of a clothes wringer. The first rollers are corrugated, and the successive ones are less and less rough until at last they are as smooth as steel plate. As the rubber cheese is fed in, all the moisture is pressed out and it comes forth in sheets of white rubber about a foot wide and 10 or 12 feet long. It goes through roller after roller, becoming thinner and more compact at each turn of the wheel until finally we have a long strip of what looks like white or cream colored cloth, having a texture and appearance of crepe. It would have made a fit gown for Cinderella, when she went to the ball of the prince and lost her glass slipper. This crepe has now only to be dried before it is ready to be pressed into boxes and shipped away to the rubber markets of the world.

The work is done efficiently throughout. Every bit of rubber is saved and the product is carefully graded. The pure milk makes one kind of sheet, the washings of the cups go into another, and the cutting off of the scraps of bark to which some of the rubber has stuck and coagulated out in the open forms a third kind of scrap rubber. The whole process goes on according to rule, and the great plantation, with its scores of half-naked, long-haired, and almost savage workmen is as well managed as the great factories which will use this product to make rubber tires.

Joyriding in Philippines



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A COMMON sight on the rubber islands of the Philippines is the native wicker cart, mounted on thick wooden wheels and drawn by the ubiquitous cara bao.

ABE MARTIN

What gits us is how th' wife that scrambles eggs for her husband's allnight poker party knows he's goin' t' win.

By th' time a feller earns enough money honestly t' breathe easy his children are grown an' usin' th' car ever' time he wants it.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

The Gossip

I PASSED the home of Rudolph Rife at twilight yesterday; "I saw Ben Cowhide beat his wife," I heard this Rudolph say; the news of such unseemly strife turns all my blood to whey. And so I told twelve friends or more, who raved and tore their hair; I told it in the Blue Front store, and on the public square; and soon the town was feeling sore, that Ben this stunt should dare. Then came Ben Cowhide up the street; he seized me by the nose; "Tell me," he said, "why you repeat this tale of brutal blows I've handed to a wife so sweet she's like a summer rose?" I answered "It was Rudolph Rife who spread it to the gale; I heard him say you beat your wife, as I passed by his kraal; I'd not invent, you bet your life, so harrowing a tale." "We'll seek this Rudolph," Cowhide said, "and ask him to explain, and I shall overhaul his head, if his excuse is vain, for I, alas, am seeing red, with fantods in my brain." We found at last this Rudolph Rife, upon the windswept lea, where he was carving with a knife his name upon a tree; "I surely said you beat your wife at crokinole," said he. "This gossip who the yarn has spread should not such tales relate; he heard but half of what I said, as he passed by my gate, and if you wish to punch his head, your zeal I'd not abate." And then ensued a beastly row that caused unpleasant din, for Cowhide smote me on the brow, and also on the chin, and kicked me where I hold my chow, and drove my whiskers in.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Lie

My uncle is a goodly man, no great sin mars his life
But once when he was very young he lied unto his wife
To save a lengthy argument, "On business, dear," said he,
"I shall be kept down town tonight, so do not wait for me."
Then he played cards till 10 o'clock, and chuckled soft and low
To think he'd got away with it, and Aunt would never know.

My aunty was a trusting soul. She swallowed every word,
But when the morn broke bright and clear some startling things she heard.
A neighbor's wife dropped in to chat and settling in a chair
Said she: "Next Sunday I suppose a bonnet new you'll wear?
Your husband had good luck last night, from what I understand
Jack paid him forty cents to see four aces in his hand."

My aunt could not believe her ears, she blushed a blush for shame,
Then later on unto her door another neighbor came
And just to make a litle talk, said dear old Mrs. Bragg:
"I hear your husband won last night at Elly Bonson's stag."
All through the day where'er she went from all she chanced to meet
She got the information of my uncle's first deceit.

My uncle is a goodly man, no great sin mars his life
But once when he was very young he lied unto his wife,
And though 'twas forty years ago, she looks on him with doubt
And oft reminds him of the time she found his baseness out.
Yes, though 'twas forty years ago, still uncle sadly wails
That half the trouble of this world is caused by tattle-tales.

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VARIETIES

Only 11.6 people out of every 1,000 died in the United States last year.

Synchronization of voices and picture on film reels has been achieved.

Only 15 per cent of Russia's population before the revolution lived in towns.

About one-third of the cut-over timber lands in California are still unproductive.

A division of fur resources has been created in the bureau of biological survey.

Because of its central location, Prague is becoming the airway capital of Europe.

Skunk skins create about $3,000,000 worth of business in the United States annually.

A new forest experiment station is to be established this year in Oregon or Washington.

A secret ink has been invented in Italy for printing advertisements on bread without affecting its edibility.

An auto with revolving egg-shaped drums in place of wheels has been made for travel over snow and ice.

According to estimates of state officials, hunters in Kansas killed 4,000,000 jack rabbits in the last year.

A recently invented steel arm that holds a telephone receiver to the ear permits the user free use of both hands.

British farmers are having to fight a new weed that belongs to the mustard family, but smells like garlic.

Beethoven for the last 17 years of his life was so deaf that he could not hear a note of all the music he composed.

Built at the foot of a volcano, the streets of Rabaul, Pomerania, are reported to at times grow too hot to walk upon.

A race of rats kept on a strict vegetarian diet, at Leland Stanford university, became extinct in three generations.

Manufacturers of fancy hatpins report a heavy slump in their business, due to the feminine craze for bobbed hair.

According to chiropodists and experienced shoe salesmen, not more than one woman out of every 600 has perfect feet.

The American Museum of Natural History recently imported 30 tons of coral from the Bahamas for use in a new exhibit.

Spruce tree plantations in the North Carolina mountains last winter survived temperatures of 23 degrees below zero.

Ground glass, which turns transparent when wetted, is used by the bureau of standards for testing waterproof papers.

Four steers, weighing 2,000 pounds each, were roasted by electricity and served to 5,000 people at a western barbecue.

Honey is very highly prized by the people of Turkey, and families leaving for a holiday usually take their beehives with them.

The crater of Katmai volcano, which is now a part of a United States national monument, has a circumference of 8.14 miles.

In Chinese cities streets are never built straight from superstitious fear that processions of evil spirits might otherwise enter and remain.

The Chicago board of health proposes to administer chocolate candy containing sodium of iodine to school children for goiter prevention.

As a consequence of the heavy influx of American visitors, the girl clerks in many of the large London stores are now taught to reckon prices in dollars.

As a result of her success in competitions throughout the west, Miss Mabel Strickland of Fort Worth, Tex., is recognized as the world's champion steer roper.

According to Collier's, 80 per cent of the voters cast ballots in 1896; in 1900, 73 per cent; in 1908, 66 per cent; in 1912, 62 per cent; in 1920, less than 50 per cent.

One of the earliest experiments proving that friction generates heat was performed by Sir Humphrey Davey, who rubbed two pieces of ice together so fast that they melted.

The threatened invasion of Florida by the Mexican bean beetle is causing much concern among citrus fruit growers, for the insect attacks trees as well as weeds and crop plants.

The federal government has collected $589,000,000 since 1917 in taxes for motor vehicles and has paid out $264,000,000, or 45 per cent of this for federal and state highway funds.

Head hunting is still the main occupation of the cannibal tribes of the upper Amazon; the captured heads are shrunk until they are as small as oranges, and then kept as ornaments.

A giant airplane is under construction in Italy, equipped with three 200-horsepower motors. Intended to have a cruising radius so great that it will easily cross the Atlantic ocean.

The United States department of agriculture has issued a warning against the use of "preserving powders" in home canning, because these preparations usually contain boric acid or salicylic acid.

What is said to be the largest map in the world is being made at San Francisco. It is 600 feet long and 18 feet wide, and will show all the natural as well as the man-made features of California.

The Philippine islands, discovered by Magellan in 1521, remained Spanish possessions, with the exception of brief seizures by the British, Japanese and Chinese, until their cession to the United States in 1898.

Mrs. Henry Davison, widow of the New York banker, has established a scholarship fund to enable undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge to obtain part of their education at Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

In spite of British rule India is still virtually a soapless country. Throughout the villages of Hindustan soap is indeed regarded as a natural curiosity, and it is rarely, if ever, kept in stock by the native shop keeper.

The most expensive chair in existence belongs to the pope. It is quite modern, and was made to the order of an American banker. It is of solid silver, beautifully chased, and is said to have cost something like $60,000.

In an effort to produce a substitute for commercial turpentine now obtained from the rapidly disappearing yellow pine, chemists at the University of Washington are experimenting with oleoresin, a fluid found in pockets in the Douglas fir.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

AROUND THE TABLE

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

If you want to be amused a fine place to obtain amusement is at a summer hotel, where you are thrown with various people in various states of mind and with various habits. You are not only amused by them, but they furnish amusement for you in that way neither you nor any of the crowd has the better sense even.

Let us journey to a small hotel at a little place, a hotel where you can get real natural. We will pick out the table where the hotel guests are seated together like large families. We obtain a room or a cell on the second floor, one of those rooms with a cold board floor, a rickety window that doesn't want to stay open when you want it open or closed when you desire it closed. The hotel owner calls it a room and you call it a box stall.

Its partitions are of wood—very thin wood—the thinnest wood imaginable. When the person in the next room moves you can hear the cough, you can hear the shoes at night you know it when he shores at night he knows it. While you laugh at the way he grins when it's time to get up in the morning, he is laughing at the way you groan. If you want to tell a secret don't tell it in the privacy of your room, but go out into the middle of the lake, for secrets seep through board partitions of summer hotels like water seeps through cheesecloth.

It's around the big table in the small dining room that you find your greatest amusement as well as furnish the others with their greatest joy. You enter the dining room at the noon meal, the first one of your stay in the hotel. You pass the bread and become acquainted with the person on your right and by the time you have shuffled the dessert around the table you know everybody, what they do when they are working, why they got married, how young they are, what food doesn't agree with them, what kind of an automobile they drive and how good they drive. Within the short space of one meal time you find out everything about them except probably what the middle initials in their names stand for.

Let us look them over. We might as well because they are looking us over, and reciprocation is fair. At one end of the table sits a young man, his wife, baby and mother-in-law. He tells us he makes a good living at home and it's a good thing he does as his appetite necessitates it. He is dark and his wife is a blonde, so they must be happy. The baby must be theirs because it yells at them between every bite of food it takes simply because its little mind thinks each bite is the last. The young mother fusses around spooning the food into the child's mouth, while her meal gets cold and the young father watches her with loving gaze while he consumes his food before it congeals. The mother-in-law is so busy with her plate she has eyes for no one and a voice for only the baby with whom she sympathizes because its mother won't give it a pickle.

Traffic in dishes is impeded by the mother-in-law who is evidently used to eating in solitude. Every dish handed to her stays in her immediate vicinity for she is too busy filling her own mouth to send the dishes on so others can fill theirs. Finally her daughter manages to break the jam and the rest of us at the table get something to eat.

Across the table sits a doctor and his wife and child. The babe is a good one in contrast to the screaming infant at the end of the table. It is content to eat an empty spoon, not being old enough to recognize any kind of food except a bottle. The doctor regales the rest of us with tales of what is hard on the stomach and what is good for that organ. While he tells us this he drinks half a dozen cups of coffee and makes an awful hole in the dish of cucumbers. He preaches what we should practice and eats as he pleases because there is no one to preach to him. How glorious it must be!

There are others at the table. Four of them are prominent, being young girls who chatter and sip and sip and chatter and think the earth, moon and sun revolves around them. One of them tries to boss the other three and there is a wrangle which two sets of parents try to soothe but find their efforts in vain.

There is a young lady who has come to the hotel to rest in order to improve her health and she is making a good job of resting except when she's eating. There is a young man who has been crippled from infancy, but still finds time to smile and talk cheerfully. He sets a good example for everyone, especially the grouches who hold themselves aloof from the common herd and try to make the rest of us believe they are important in their own cities. Instead they make us smile.

Last, but not least, are two small boys who never know a happy minute. Their parents never know one either. They whine about this and whine about that. They weep and scream and protest. If given the sugar they want the salt and if given the salt they want the bread and if given everything they want nothing. They should be given an old-fashioned licking, but they will never get it.

Everyone goes to summer resorts and we meet everyone. We meet them, talk with them, laugh with and at them, exchange gossip with them, plan to meet them another year and forget the plan two weeks after we return. Then we go home and tell the neighbors all about them and they tell their neighbors all about us. Our ears burn and theirs burst into flames too and we are happy and they are happy.

There is one thing about summer hotels. They enable us to meet people from other localities, get acquainted with them and discover that we are not the only pebbles on the beach and that our town or city is only one of many towns or cities.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TEACHERS AND ROADS.

I noticed in a recent issue of this paper on the Rural Welfare page that someone wrote a modified complaint against school wages and roads, these being great factors in the present high tax issue. It is said that the price of school maintenance has doubled in the past 10 years and the cost of roads has trebled in the same length of time. Haven't sugar, coal, flour and other commodities trebled in price, too?

Are you a teacher? No, you are not or you wouldn't complain about raising the teachers' salaries. If there ever was an employe in the public service who is poorly paid it is a school teacher. In her lies the hope of America. Through her, our citizens who hold the reins of government received their first training in governmental affairs. Yet we howl when she gets a small salary for her faithful toil and service.

Where are our good roads? I am 14 years old and for at least 14 years I have seen my parents pay taxes and at present am a taxpayer myself. Every year these taxes are higher and the roads are worse right now than they have ever been since I have known what a road is. Why? Yes, I'll admit that we pay enormous taxes and for every 50 cents that go on the road there are $10 that go in some parasite's pocket. Road inspectors get $5 a day for riding around in a car to see what work needs to be done on the roads. But it is never done.

What becomes of our automobile taxes and license fees? There are enough taxes paid each year to concrete every road from coast to coast. These speculators are like potato bugs and they need a double dose of paris green or arsenate of lead.

Don't howl about the salary of school teachers. Don't howl about high taxes but kill the parasites and we will realize some value for our money.—F. W. E. of W. Va.

CIGARET FOE

I saw a letter in Rural Welfare column about card playing. I think it is the devil's book and nothing else. I am a woman 73 years old and I don't know one card from another. I was raised differently from children these times. My father would not let a card come in his house, and I am glad my parents raised me that way.

I am opposed to whisky in any form and also tobacco. I think cigarets are worse than anything else we ever did in this good old U. S. A. I do hope, way down in my heart, that cigarets will be wiped out and we will once more have a clean set of young people. Oh, just the name of cigarets almost makes me sick.

We have been taking the good old Blade 50 years and have never seen one thing written against the evil of cigarets.

Just a word more. I think dancing is another great evil, but still they teach it in school.—Cassady Markley, W. Va.

ABOUT HEALTH.

I want to tell how I feel about eating meat. Knowingly I wouldn't eat meats from animals that have serums injected into their systems. It's a wonder to me how anyone can expect the human race to stop deteriorating when serums, or poisons as I call them, are injected into their blood to prevent so many diseases.

I have as much love for my children and their children as any human could possibly have but I would always advise them against eating meats with serums in them. But I would never tell them not to drink milk from a consumptive cow for I consider it as safe a food as any.

Don't expect too much free advice from the doctors on how to keep well. Like all other professions they are in the business to make money. Now and then there are exceptions. Some would give up the business willingly if they could make man proof from illness. But the majority rule and they are on the alert to get in the position where they can boss the rest of them.

That's what modern organizations are for. They are to keep men from attending to their business like plain people used to do. That was when the people were happy. That is the reason why I have advocated for a good many years a medical education in our public schools as being more important than all others.—W. O. of Iowa.

MALE VULTURES.

Please let me in as I am a poor working girl and have a new subject to introduce. Cousins, let us have a rest on the flapper question.

Let me discuss why girls go wrong why they are lost or nearly lost. I realize that there are some girls who go wrong because they really want to do it and need no persuasion. I also know that there are girls who are led astray by flattery, big promises and money for those whose income is small. I am a waitress in a small town hotel and am in a position to know how so many are led astray although I am walking straight.

A girl who is working for her living has so many temptations thrown in her path, but there are many who withstand these temptations and again there are many who haven't the will power to say no and mean it. We have certain hours off during which we go to the postoffice, and when a girl is new to a place it seems that she can't go quietly down the street without being accosted by some man who asks to accompany her down the street.

The girl may answer with a decided no, but the fiend will not take no for an answer although sometimes they take a well mashed mouth. He smiles his best smile which reminds of the vulture about to partake of his prey, and repeats his request in a more flattering way. If the girl is very wilful she will of course refuse to go with him a single block, but if she is away from home, inexperienced and lonely, perhaps she will let him walk with her a short distance. The man talks to her and makes promises and often the girl falls in the trap and becomes a lost woman.—Pansy S. of Va.

Things to Know Before Baby Comes

You may learn the probable date of baby's birth. What you should have and what baby will need. These and many other *important things* are fully explained in a wonderful booklet sent free to all expectant mothers.

This booklet also tells when and how to use "Mother's Friend"—the much talked about rubbing preparation which relaxes the muscles and prepares the way for a comfortable period during *expectancy* and, for a more natural delivery at *child-birth*. "I think 'Mother's Friend' saved my life," wrote one enthusiastic mother. "I was sick not over fifteen minutes," declares another. You will find these signed letters and many more, in the booklet which you will receive.

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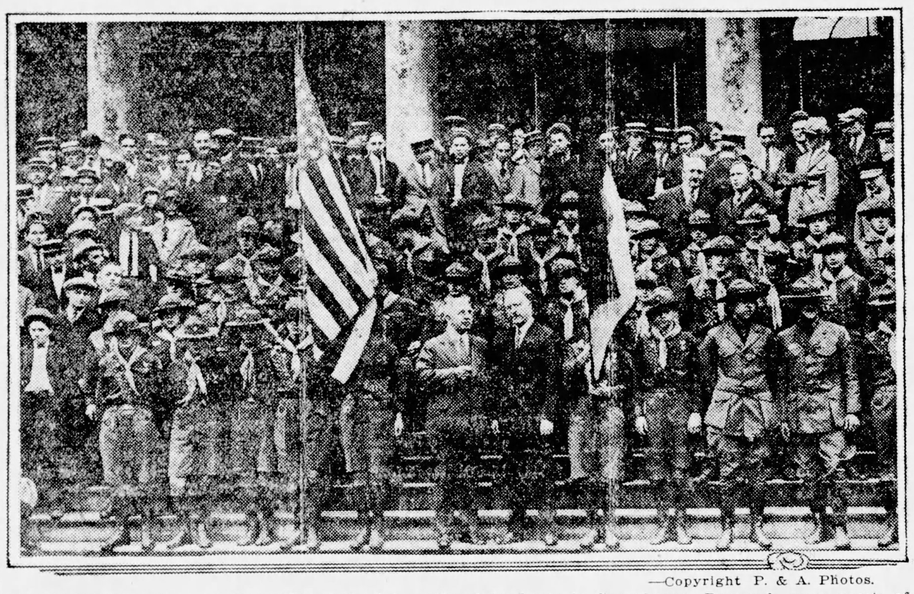
Boy Scout Victors Back Home



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BOY SCOUTS who won first prize at the international jamboree in Copenhagen, Denmark, were guests of New York city on their return home. The photo shows them grouped on the city hall steps where they were greeted by Mayor Hylan, right and center, next to Colonel Livingston, their president

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:—We are still on our vacation, but I guess we won't be on it long cause it is almost time for me to start to school and we are getting tired of this lake up here. Papa says that the fellow who told him they was fish in the lake didn't know nothing about it and he doubted whether the man would know what a fish was if he saw one. Papa says if he never saw a fish before he wouldn't know no more about them now than he had before he came up here. Mamma said he was just making an alibi or something like he does when he comes home at night two hours after he said he'd come.

I heard Papa the other afternoon explaining to the man who owns the hotel about how funny women is. He said Mamma caught him talking to two pretty young girls on the porch and looked mad when she done so and madder yet when he helped the girls get in a rowboat when they wanted to go for a swim in their bathing suits. She said it was too bad she was along and Papa just laughed. Then another day she let him take the old maid who rooms next to our room to the station.

Papa says a woman complains because you act polite to one woman and then throws another right in your face by making you take her to the station in your automobile. He said he told Mamma he bet she'd not let him take those two girls to the station when they wanted to go and she told him he won his bet. Papa then said he told her he couldn't see no difference between taking an old maid and taking the two girls and Mamma said she could. The man who owns the hotel isn't married and he just laughed and looked thankful. At least Papa said he did.

When I asked Mamma when we was going back home she said we was at the end of this week cause by that time she figured Aunt Dora and my new uncle would be settled where they were and wouldn't want to settle with us no more. Besides she said she was worried about the house.

Papa asked her why she was worried and she said maybe it was burned down or maybe an earthquake struck it or maybe the milkman was filling up the front porch with milk bottles and the paper boy was filling up the yard with papers. Also she said she didn't remember whether Papa turned the water off when he took his bath and thought probably he didn't as he was always forgetting to do things like that. Papa said he remembered he did but Mamma said she didn't take no stock in his memory cause he didn't have none.—Jimmy.

What Others Say

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
—William Cowper.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. —Carlyle.

Religion is not a little fenced-off enclosure, within which all is sacred and outside of which all is secular and profane; religion is life, character, conduct; it reaches up to God and down into the smallest details of daily duty: it covers everything. —Anon.

Do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.
—Anon.

He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy.—T. T. Lynch.

Keep one thing forever in view—the truth; and if you do this, though it may lead you away from the opinions of men it will assuredly conduct you to the throne of God.—Horace Mann.

BOYS AND GIRLS

MORE ABOUT STAMPS.

I think the letter by Trailing Arbutus about stamps was one of the most interesting ones published in July. I am just beginning to collect stamps and have about 1,000. These are from such countries as England, Netherlands, Canada, Germany and the United States.

Most of those of our country are old ones dated 1893. In these I have five different ones commemorating Columbus. These show his complete voyage to America. The different pictures shown are: Columbus before Queen Isabella, the fleet of Columbus, Columbus in sight of land, and the landing of Columbus. Two other interesting United States stamps are a 50c one showing the Arlington amphitheater and a 20c one having a view of the Golden Gate. The former is purple and the latter red. I have some recent stamps of Germany that were issued when the value of the mark was so low and one of them is for 100 million marks.

Long ago people did not use stamps anl when the people sent letters the postmasters had to mark "paid" on them. Then someone thought of stamps. Because they were so handy the postmasters printed them. Then the government printed them. At first they were cut apart with scissors and then perforation was invented. There were not many letters written then. They had no trains and the mail was carried on horseback. When the people sent letters they usually sent them by a passing traveler because the postage was so high and there were not many postoffices. Gradually our great postoffice system was built up and now we can send a letter to any town in our country for two cents.

I think stamp collecting is one of the most interesting hobbies there is and I wish some more of the boys and girls would write about it.—Huckleberry Finn of Tennessee.

BREAKS RIGHT IN.

This is my second attempt to break into your circle. W. B. chewed me up before. He must have liked me pretty well because I see he is still living. Like Sweetie of Ill., I have many dreams of my future home. It is a little bungalow in the old home town. I shall have it surrounded with rose bushes of all colors because I love roses the best of any flowers.

At present I am living in a large, airy house in a little town where I have lived for seven years. There are 31 acres that go with the house and I like to help work them. I have the best time driving the horses in haying season. Where are all the cousins from the Keystone state? We are getting behind a little and letting the cousins from other states go past us.—Just a Girl from Pa.

FAVORS NOVELS.

Roosevelt Tatum of Ga., I think it would be a dull world if one only read instructive books and true stories and left out novels. Dixie Moonbeam, you are a girl after my own heart. I suppose you are a girl anyway. Cousins, let's pry the bobbed hair question loose with a crowbar and discuss novels.

Let's leave Jimmy alone. He causes a laugh and I agree with Iva Dotson that a laugh is good for anyone. Dimples of W. Va., you are right about church. I think too many West Virginia cousins are in Snatches and I am proud of Dimples.

Wedding Bell of Pa., I like books but I am too sensitive or something, as I can't stand it to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Optimistic Bookworm of W. Va.

KEEP HEART PURE.

It's good to be one of you again. Although I haven't written in a long time I've been keeping up with our page and the call for oldtimers aroused me to action. I see someone else has adopted my name, "Sunshine of Tenn." But that's all right. I guess there are lots of rays of sunshine down here if they would only peep out.

My goodness, cousins, aren't you ever going to let the poor little flapper alone? Shame on you, boys. You condemn the girls who want to look pretty and at the same time fall for them just like our grandfathers fell for our grandmothers when the latter wore skirts that swept the ground. Don't worry, girlies, the boys will love you anyway. I don't blame you for keeping in style if you can. But be sure you keep these modern ways on the outside and your heart within pure and clean. Then you will be all right.

Boys, what's the difference between a tight skirt and a trouser leg so tight you have to use a shoe horn to put it on? Doubtless you will say you have one for each leg. Well, we can wear knickers, too. Aren't they the thing for sport wear, girls?

I wish there was enough space for me to tell about our famous Lookout mountain where the historic "battle above the clouds" was fought. Missionary Ridge is also one of the old battlegrounds of the Civil war. Some time I will tell you of these places which are near my home. There are so many things I would like to say but I would rather read the letters of the others than my own.

I always try to smile and have a cheerful greeting for everyone. I am especially fond of old people and children. Jimmy, you are one of my favorites.

I think girls should consider mother first before a good time. My mother is in ill health and I keep house for dad. There are only the three of us. Nearly every evening I get our auto and we drive mother in the fresh air. I am a high school graduate of our country high school and plan to teach when mother's health permits my leaving home. We are going to Cuba this fall. Won't some of you cousins go with me? I'm afraid I'll get lonesome in a strange place. What about you, Aunt Martha?

I must hike now for I see W. B. yawning and you know what happened to Jonah. I do want to live a little while longer and "do all the good I can, in every way I can, for all the people I can, and will as long as I can.—Tenn. Optimist.

Mixing With Martha

Vegetables en Casserole.

Six medium sized potatoes, one small turnip, one cup fresh peas, one onion, one-quarter cup rice, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one-eighth teaspoon allspice, four cups brown stock. Wash, pare and thinly slice potatoes. Wash and pare turnips, cut in one-half inch slices and slice in cubes. Peel and slice onions. Pick over and wash rice. Put ingredients, except stock, in alternate layers in casserole, pour over stock, cover, and cook on a slow oven three hours.

Rechauffe of Veal.

Melt three tablespoons butter, add three tablespoons flour and blend well. Add three cups good stock and one-half cup strained tomato juice and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add three cups of diced cold veal, one-half teaspoon onion juice and salt and pepper to taste. Reheat, taking care not to burn. Serve on hot baking powder biscuits or in a border of boiled rice. Garnish with bits of crisp parsley or sprinkle with paprika.

Cocoa Dessert.

Two cups milk, one-third cup sugar, one tablespoon cocoa, two eggs. Scald milk; add cocoa and sugar. Let boil for a minute then remove from fire and add the beaten eggs. Place in individual custard cups and bake in pan of hot water until set. This is very easy to make, as it is really only cocoa with eggs added—and the mixture baked for a few minutes in a moderate oven.

Cracker Jack

One cup light brown sugar, three tablespoons molasses, butter size of an egg, alum size of a pea, a pinch of soda; boil this till brittle and pour over one gallon chopped corn.

Chat With Cousins

Recently we read an article written by a well known cartoonist who enlisted climate and a sense of humor to fight tuberculosis. A noted physician told this man that he had only a month to live and the man packed up and left New York for the southwest to prove that physicians do not always know what is going to happen. That was several years ago and the doomed man is now a picture of health.

He fought a good fight and won. The two main things responsible for his victory over the dread disease which is sending so many to their graves was climate and humor. This man lived where the sun beats down, where the soil is filled with minerals and where air is fresh and uncontaminated. He joked about death and in a spirit of fun made all preparations for his demise at the scheduled time. Death passed him by, however, not being able to stand the ridicule of its intended victim.

In his article this man utters a truth which has a lot to do with afflicted persons getting well. He says that a tubercular person should get away from other persons so afflicted and go alone to some place where he can fight his own battle. He declares that if one stays with others who are ill there is too much talking about the ailments of each with the result that the patient does not get well. They can't forget their ailments.

A person finds it easy to talk about his pet ailment, if any. If you find another person with the same disease as you have, a bond of sympathy draws you to that person immediately. The result is that you compare notes and later come to believe you are worse than you really are.

The reason healthy persons find it easy to remain healthy is because they haven't any ailments to talk about. Their minds are not on diseases and disease avoids them. If you are unfortunate enough to be suffering from some complaint keep your mind off it and see what happens. If you treat it and forget to talk about it most of the time the chances are it will disappear. This cartoonist made fun of his disease and it was a serious ailment, one that takes a terrible toll of lives every year. Still he fooled the doctors and laughed it out of existence. Now, instead of filling up a grave, he is alive and kicking. Try his remedy.

We are glad you enjoy the Household page, Tarheel Mountaineer. That's its mission, to give enjoyment to its readers as well as to help them in every possible way, although sometimes we are afraid we are not of much help in some instances.

R. P. J. of W. Va. says that what we need today are more people who can think and act for themselves and the only way to produce that kind is to train them while they are young. No, we do not keep addresses of writers to this page.

One reader sends in an article about "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." This is a song about a real church and we hope to make use of the article some time in the future so that our readers will know about it. We will rewrite the story and try to give all the information briefly.

Thanks for the songs, M. E. L. and P. W. of W. Va. We are glad you cannot do without the paper and rejoice that you broke your five years of silence.

If anyone knows the author of the book, "The Backwoods Man," please send it to Aunt Martha for the benefit of Mrs. E. A. T. of N. Y., who would like to know.

When E. L. Robertson of Tenn., wrote his letter, "Facts About the Bible," it gave E. J. Jones of Tenn., the incentive to write for the first time in three years. Since writing last E. J. has had the opportunity of traveling in three states and observing many points of interest. Tell us about your experiences, E. J.

In France a party of investigators has been making great finds in some prehistoric deposits. Recently they discovered four skeletons, one being that of a child 10 or 12 years old. The skeletons are thought to be from 7,000 to 8,000 years old and some say they date from an epoch 25,000 years ago. Wonder what kind of people lived 25,000 years ago, what they did and how they lived. That is a long time, too long for us to comprehend. When we stop to think of the changes that have been wrought in the last century it seems wonderful, but to go back even 5,000 years is impossible.

CRACKERS AS DESSERT

For the housekeeper with but little time at her disposal, and who wishes to spend as much of her leisure time as possible out of doors, enjoying the fresh air and sunshine, the suggestion is offered that she test the possibilities contained in the ordinary box of crackers and find out how they may be made to take the place of cakes and cookies, with a decided saving of time and money.

In making these dainties one need not be limited to the dessert service alone, for when something novel and tempting is desired to serve with the soup or salad course, they may also be pressed into service and will furnish a welcome change from the usual pulled bread, croutons and cheese straws.

In the selection of crackers to serve as the basis of these dainties, care should be exercised in regard to their size. Small ones should be given preference and as they may now be purchased in tiny circles, squares and oblongs, their service can be greatly diversified.

For the afternoon tea table even the least expensive varieties may be deliciously disguised, if treated as follows: Brush them over with melted butter and then dust thickly either with crushed maple sugar or a combination of powdered sugar and ground cinnamon. Set to crisp in a hot oven, pressing into each maple cracker a halved walnut and into the ones covered with cinnamon and sugar either a plump, seeded raisin or a halved pitted date.

For another variation blend together the stiffly whipped white of one egg, sugar to form a thin paste and either minced candied orange peel, grated sweet chocolate or chopped peanuts. Spread on any preferred kind of crackers and brown in a hot oven. Cracker bonbons sound particularly good and they do not sound any better than they taste. When next you are making fudge or pinoche, save out a little and before it hardens spread over small unsweetened wafers. These are very highly recommended to serve with ice cream or a chilled beverage.

Small plain crackers of fancy design are very good when dipped in any of the cake frostings and afterwards they may be rolled in grated cocoanut, chopped candied fruit or nuts. Lay the crackers when so treated on paraffin paper, so that they do not touch each other and set away until the covering hardens.

To serve for the soup course try making "puff crackers." These are made from the old-fashioned soda variety, which permits of them being split in halves. Place the split crackers in a deep dish, cover with cold milk to which a piece of ice has been added and set the dish containing the crackers directly on the ice for 10 minutes.

Then drain off the milk, remove the crackers with a perforated skimmer, brush over quickly with melted butter, lay in a buttered pan and set in a very hot oven until they puff up and brown.

POETS' CORNER

They Tell of God

BY WILLIAM WATKINS HILL.

"The heavens declare the glory of God"—
The earth no less than they;
The starry sky, the earth's gross clod,
Each one has much to say.
Had we but ears, and sight, and heart,
To hear, and see, and feel
The glorious message which they impart,
What love into our hearts would steal!

The distant mountains tell their tale
In wondrous tones, and low,
Of love, of grace, that does not fail,
Of a father's heart aglow.
Their form, and grandeur, and their size,
Which make them all-sublime
To him who looks with reverent eyes
They spell the word "Divine."

O, mountains grand! so nooly grand!
Your proud peaks rising high,
Though firmly rooted to earth they stand,
They kiss the vaulted sky.
To some their wondrous form and size
No cheering message bring,
No sacred tokens greet their eyes,
No heavenly anthems ring.

A sombre garb and form austere,
A sad and solemn dirge
They only see and only hear,
Nor from gross earth emerge;
Nor feel the sacred, kindling flame
Which burns in hearts devout,
See not the word, read not the name
So beautifully spelled out.

They of earth still earthy are
And nothing of Him know,
Who made you, mountains, placed you there,
And crowned your heads with snow;
But in some vague and distant way
He may, perhaps, control
The wind, and rain, the sunny day,
The clouds that o'er you roll.

But your huge form a language speaks
Of power, of grace, of love,
Of One who cares, who never sleeps,
Who fills the realm above.
And yet he deigns to come to earth,
To those that earthy be
He gives the choice of sacred birth
And heaven's felicity.

Your massive grandeur lifts sublime,
Your ridges melt away
Into the distant blue and shine
That mark the close of day.
The rosy-tinted sunset sky
A coronet, more grand,
Makes for your eternal head so high,
Than made by human hand.

The clouds that gather 'round your head
And often o'er you weep
Such copious tears, so widely spread,
That down your face they sweep
And, gathering at your foot, they form
The brooks, with gentle motion,
Which through the fields and meadows roam,
To lose themselves in ocean.

These fleecy messengers, too, speak
To him who has an ear
To hear their voice, a wish to seek
His blessed side be near.
No melancholy, saddening lay
To Him their voices bring—
They bid him his devotion pay
To heaven's Lord and King.

O, glorious mountains, nobly grand!
O, messenger divine!
Around you countless ages stand,
A hallowed light doth shine!
To some there's nothing you can say—
Insenate is your clod,
But to the souls that "watch and pray"
You speak to them of God.

Shall We Know Each Other There?

When we meet in fields Elysian,
Free from this world's praise and care,
Shall we, without spirit vision,
See and know each other there?
Can it be that death will sever
All life's dearest, holiest ties?
Do we look farewell forever
When we close these mortal eyes?

Shall we, in their angel plumage,
Know the loved of many years?
Lips that smiled when we were happy,
Eyes that wept for all our tears.
Ah! how drear would be e'en heaven
Did not hope, with glances bright,
Whisper that the hearts now riven
In that world shall reunite.

As we know, the lambs are tended
When they come from pastures chill,
Bleating to the fold for shelter
From the bare and frosty hill.
By the ribbons, red or azure,
That we tied long years before,
And we lift the gate with pleasure
To receive them home once more.

So shall they, who're gone before us,
Open for us the gate of light,
Kiss away the fears and trembling,
Put on us the robe of white,
Lead us through the pastures vernal
By the feet of angels trod,
To the stream of life eternal,
Flowing from the throne of God.

Snatches From W. B.

Ohio is a beautiful state, with its wonderful flowers and trees. I live in the country and think it is pretty.—White Rose of Ohio.

My hobbies are horseback riding and reading. I want you cousins to come and ride with me over the hills. If you bring a good saddle horse, Aunt Martha, I will race you. You can see I am something of a tomboy.—Just a Sunbeam of Ohio.

How many of the cousins are glad it is time for school again? I cannot say that I am although I know I should finish high school. My favorite vocations are music and reading. I read many books but prefer the newspapers so that I may find out what is going on in the world.—Sunbeam of Pa.

I believe it is all right for girls of 15 and 16 to go with boys if they act in a proper manner. I don't mean you must expect to marry them for I don't intend getting married soon. When I finish school I intend trying to get a government job or teaching school.—Brown-eyed Bobs of North Carolina.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Serve white turnips on a bed of spinach.

Serve potato salad in sweet green pepper cases.

A potato crust is suitable for a vegetable pie.

Rub mutton with a cut onion before roasting it.

Corn omelet should be served with cheese sauce.

A long-handled mop is convenient for polishing the car.

Melted currant jelly is nice served with breaded veal cutlets.

Cream toast is delicious when made with Boston brown bread.

Lemon and horseradish should be served with oysters on half shell.

Chopped apples, pecans and raisins make a delicious sandwich filling.

POETS' CORNER

Bonny Black Bess

When fortune's frail goddess forsook my abode,
And friends proved ungrateful I took to the road,
To plunder the wealthy—and relieve my distress—
Then I bought you to aid me, My Bonny Black Bess.

When dark sable midnight her mantle had thrown
O'er the bright face of nature, how oft have we gone
To "Fain Hondsloes' Heath," though an unwelcome guest,
To minions of fortune—My Bonny Black Bess.

How silent you stood when the carriage I've stopped,
And their gold and their jewels the inmates have dropped,
But I ne'er robbed a poor man, or ever oppressed
The widows and orphans—My Bonny Black Bess.

When Argus Ajustus did me hotly pursue
From London to York, like lightning you flew—
No toll bar could stop thee, thou tide river did breast—
And in twelve hours we reached it—By Bonny Black Bess.

But fate darkens o'er me—despair is my lot—
The law does pursue me for the "Cock" that I shot.
To save me, dear "Betsy," you have done your best—
You're wornout and weary—My Bonny Black Bess.

Hark. The bloodhounds approach—but they never shall have
Such a beast as you, "Betsy," so faithful and brave.
You must die—my dumb friend—though it does me distress—
There. There, I have shot you—My Bonny Black Bess.

Now in after ages, when I am gone,
This story shall be handed from father to son—
Though some will upbraid me, but they all must confess
'Twas through kindness I shot you—My Bonny Black Bess.

Yet no one can say that ingratitude dwelt
In the breast of "Dick" Turpin, 'twas a vice he ne'er felt,
So I'll die like a man—and soon be at rest,
Then farewell, forever, My Bonny Black Bess.

Papa's Picture in the Locket

Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago,
How I love this simple keepsake surely none may ever know;
It is sacred to the memories that to ever to it cling,
And for sweetest recollections what its beauties ever bring.
Oft my heart is touched with sadness as I dream of bygone days,
And the loving one who kissed me in the happy childish plays,
Who is now in heaven yonder, so my joy I love to show,
Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago.

CHORUS.

Papa's picture in the locket, just a little bit of gold,
Mother wore it till he left her, in those happy days of old;
'Tis a dear and cherished token of the moments passed away,
Papa's picture in the locket that I call my own today.

Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago,
When her heart was full of sorrow and the days were dark with woe,
As she held the little picture up to me with joy and pride,
Then she told me many stories of the one so cold and dead,
How I never more would see him, and such bitter tears I shed;
This is why I love this token more than anything I know—
Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago.

Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago,
This she gave to me to cherish, when her head was lying low;
And her dying words they told me as one last sweet kiss she gave,
I must ever guard the treasure, even to my death and grave.
It is hallowed by affection, 'tis dear link of the past,
'Tis a charm to keep my footsteps the way where right is cast,
'Tis the richest of earth's treasures and I'll ever keep it so,
Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago.

Strength for the Day

Amid the hurry and bustle of life
Amid all its toil, its trial and strife,
One thought to strengthen comes over and o'er,
Only today must we live, and not more.

Tomorrow will come and with it its care,
But today's is the only burden to bear,
And this not alone, for He who has trod
The life-path before us is surely our God.

Who will strengthen and help us whatever our need,
And by the still waters He ever will lead,
If we but look upward, and trusting will pray,
That we may be given our bread for today.

A combination filling of vegetables and meat is nice baked in cabbage leaves.

THIS WOMAN RELIEVED FROM SUFFERING

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Remarkable Story

Dover, Del.—"I wish every woman would take your wonderful medicine as it has done so much good to me. I had cramps and faint spells and very bad pains. One day I was over to my neighbor's house and she told me I ought to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So I went to the store on my way home and got a bottle, and took the first dose before supper. I have been taking it ever since, and you can hardly believe how different I feel. I had just wanted to lie in bed all the time, and when I started to brush up I would give out in about ten minutes. So you know how badly I felt. I used to go to bed at eight and get up at seven, still tired. Now I can work all day and stay up until eleven, and feel all right all the time. My housework is all I do in summer, but in winter I work in a factory. I have told a good many of my friends, and I have had three come to me and tell me they wouldn't do without the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. SAMUEL MURPHY, 219 Cecil St., Dover, Delaware.

THE GIRL A HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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Continued From Last Week.

"Then you do believe that Jeanie went with Bullerton?"

"Looks like there ain't nothing else left to believe," he asserted dolefully. "Look at it for yourself, son; she's been gone three whole days. If she hain't gone with him—and the good Lord only knows where else she could have gone—don't you reckon she'd 've been back here long afore this? No, Stannie; we been lettin' the 'wish it was' run away with the 'had to be.' I reckon we just got to git our teeth, son, and tough it out the best we can."

During this waiting interval, which seemed like hours and was probably only a few minutes, we were momentarily expecting another crash. It did not come; but in due course of time we heard a stir outside and then voices, and one of the voices, which was not Bullerton's, said: "I'll bet that ca'tridge smoked 'em out good an' plenty, Cap'n. Gimme th' axe, Tom, till we bu'st open the door an' have a squint at 'em."

Just at that moment a submerging wave of depression surged over me and shoved me down so deep that I think possibly if Bullerton had called out and demanded our surrender I should have been tempted to tell him that I was not so much of a hog as not to know when I had enouh. But the old man squeezed in beside me under the arched boiler plate was made of better fiber; he was game to the last hair in his beard. With a wild-Indian yell, he hunched his Winchester into position and fired once, twice, thrice, at the door, as rapidly as he could pump the reloading lever.

A spattering fusillade was the reply to this, but the aim was bad and the only result was to set the air of our prison fortress to buzzing as if a swarm of angry bees had been turned loose on us. After this, the raiders withdrew, so we judged, at all events, the silence of the dark hour before daybreak shut down upon us again, and once more we had space in which to "gather our minds," as Daddy put it.

It may be a dastardly confession of weakness to admit it, but I am free to say that the prolonged struggle was gradually undermining my nerve. While I was able to fall back upon the conviction that Bullerton would stop short of a ruthless destruction of the plant to get us, there seemed to be some little hope that we might worry through. But his resort to high explosives proved conclusively that he was now willing to go the whole length, sacrificing the entire plant, if need be, to get rid of us.

Taking this view of it, discretion seemed very much the better part of valor. If Bullerton had made up his mind to write off the loss of the mine buildings and machinery, it was a battle lost for us. It could be only a question of a little time, and enough daylight to enable the bombers to throw straight, until we should be buried in the wreck of the shaft-house and hoist—and without the privilege of dying in a good, old-fashioned stand-up fight.

All of this I hastily pointed out to Daddy Hiram, adding that, for Jeanie's sake, if no better reason, he ought to take his chance of staying upon earth. Also, I urged that the present moment was ours, if we chose to improve it quickly. All we had to do was to crawl out, unbar the door, and make a bolt for it before the bombardment was resumed.

Pshaw! I might just as well have appealed to a stone post. As long as I live I shall always have a high respect for the wrath of a mild-mannered man. The old prospector was fairly Berserk, mad, foaming at the mouth, and short of dragging him out by main strength there was no way of making him let go.

"No, sir; I done promised your gran'paw 'at I'd stand by for him, and he paid me money for doin' it. When them hellions get this here mine, they're goin' to dig a hole [illegible]eres and bury me afterwards; that was all I could get out of [illegible]

[illegible]were not given much more [illegible]or discussion, or for anything [illegible]The first faint graying of dawn [illegible]coming, and with the partial [illegible]ening of the inner gloom, we [illegible]ed our necks—like a double-headed turtle peering out of its shell—and got a glimpse of the damage done by the initial thunderbolt. We saw it without trouble; a great hole torn in the sheet-iron roof directly over the hoist and shaft mouth. Knowing the use and effect of explosives pretty well, Daddy said that the bomb had gone off prematurely; had exploded before it had fairly lighted upon the roof.

"If it hadn't—if it had been layin' on the roof when it went off—we wouldn't be lookin' up at that hole right now, Stannie, my son. We'd be moggin' up the golden stair and a-wonderin' how much farther it was to the New Jerusalem, and what kind o' harps they was goin' to give us when we got there. We sure would."

We didn't keep our heads out very long. While we were staring up at the hole and at the patch of sky beyond it, a small dark object with a smoke-blue comet'a tail trailing behind it crossed our line of sight, and we ducked and held our breath—or at least, I held mine. The crash came almost immediately, and it was followed in swift succession by a second and a third. Luckily, none of the three hit the shaft-house, nor, indeed, fell very near it; and this uncertainty of aim told us where the attack was coming from. The bomb throwers were posted somewhere on the steep slope of the mountain above us; the slope which I have described as running up from the brink of the abrupt cliff overlooking the mine plant.

As we both knew the mine buildings were not visible from any part of this slope, though the steel stack of the power plant was. So they were flinging the bombs at random, without being able to see where they fell. And there were two good reasons why they didn't climb down to the edge of the cliff and place one of the bombs where it would do the most good; they knew that the man who did it would probably get potted by one of us through the hole the first explosion had made, or, failing that, he'd be blown up by his own petard—or stand a mighty good chance of it.

All of this we sorted out quickly, Daddy and I, with an eye on as much of the cliff line as was visible through the rent in the roof. If any one of the cartridge-throwers should take the risk of coming down, we were ready for him. In a minute or so there was another crash on the boiler-shed side of things, registering another miss. It seemed more than singular that whoever was doing the throwing couldn't throw straighter, with the stack to indicate the layout of the mine ledge.

"They'll get the range, after a while," Daddy grunted. "And when they do, I reckon it'll be good-by, fair world, for a couple of us and one mighty good dog. I'm a-tellin' you, Stannie, son, the shot that comes down through that hole fixes us a-plenty. Sufferin' Methusaleh! what-all is the folks down yonder at 'Tropia a-dreamin' about, to let all this bangin' and whanin' go on up here without comin' up to find out what's makin' it?"

The Atropia that I remember was so nearly moribund that I didn't wonder it wasn't making any stir in our behalf; so, when a few pattering rifle shots which seemed to originate on the great bench below began to sift in among the bomb echoes, I took it that Bullerton had divided his force and was trying to rattle us two ways at once. As for that, however, the bigger bombardment kept us speculating very curiously upon anything else. Two more of the giant crackers had fallen to the right of us, one of them into the wreck of the blacksmith shop to send up a spouting volcano of scrap which fell a second or so later in a thunderous rain; and then . . .

We were looking up through the roof hole and we both saw it coming, a sputtering meteor leaving its baby-blue smoke trail behind it. Straight as a shot out of a gun it came for the great gap in the roof, and we could hear the hiss of the burning fuse and smell the reek of it as it hurtled through the opening.

For a flitting instant it seemed as if it must drop squarely in front of the iron shield under which we were jammed—in which case even the undertaker wouldn't have been needed—not any whatsoever, as Daddy Hiram would have said. But at the critical point in its flight the hurtling thing "ticked" the top of the hoist frame and its downward course was deflected the needed hair's-breadth, causing it to come down beyond the machinery, and not on our side of things. Nevertheless, we were cowering in anticipation of a blast which would most likely heave the entire machinery aggregation over bodily upon us when the explosion came.

It wasn't like any of the other crashes; it more nearly resembled an upheaval of buried thunder, if you can imagine such a thing. We saw the belching column of flame and gas going skyward beyond the machinery barrier; taking a full half of the roof with it as if the blast had come from the mouth of a gigantic cannon. We were dazed and deafened by the shock, and half choked by the fumes, but neither of us was so far gone as not to hear distinctly a prolonged and rumbling crash like the thunder of a small Niagara, coming after the smash!

"The shaft!" shilled Daddy Hiram, in a thin, choked voice; "it went off down in the shaft! And, say!—what-all's that we're la-listenin' to now?"

If there had been a dozen of the bombs raining down I don't believe the threat of them would have kept us from bursting out of out dodge-hole to go and see what had happened in the mine shaft. But before we could determine anything more than that the mouth of the shaft was completely hidden under a mass of wreckage, and that the mysterious Niagara roar, dwindled somewhat, but yet hollowly audible, was still going on under the concealing mass of broken timbers and sheet-iron, there was a masterful interruption. Shots, yells, shoutings and hot curses told us that a fierce battle of some kind was staging itself just outside of our wrecked fortress; whereupon Daddy Hiram began pawing his way to the door, yelling like a man suddenly gone dotty.

"That there's old Ike Baasley—dad-blame his old hide!" he chittered. "There ain't nary 'nother man in the Timonyonis 'at can cuss like that. He's come with a posse, and they're layin' out Charley Bullerton's crowd!"

There was a fine little tableau spreading itself out for us when we had clambered over the wreckage and had withdrawn the wooden bar and flung the door wide. Daddy Hiram had called the turn and named the trump. The large, desperadoish-looking man who had once interviewed me at Angels, and a little later had paused in his combing of the mountains in search of me to usurp my place at the Twomblys' breakfast table, this bewhiskered giant, with a goodish bunch of followers—hard-boiled to a man, they looked to be—had surrounded a fair half of the would-be "jumpers" and were handcuffing them with a celerity that was truly admirable. And Beasley, himself, square-jawed and peremptory, was shoving Bullerton up against the side of the shaft-house, snapping the irons upon his wrists and counseling him, with choice epithets intermingled, to save up his troubles and tell them to the judge.

As we emerged from our wrecked fortress, other members of the posse were scattering to round up the outlying bomb-throwers, who had apparently taken to the tall timber in a panic-stricken effort to escape. Down on the bench below there were horses and horse-holders; and among the horses one whose boyish-looking rider was just slipping from the saddle. While I was wondering vaguely why the Angels town marshal had let a mere boy come along on such a battle errand, the boyish figure ran up the road and darted in among us to fling itself into Daddy Hiram's arms, gurgling and half crying and begging to be told if he was hurt.

I didn't know at the time how much or how little the big marshal knew of the various and muddled involvements which were climaxing right there in the early morning sunshine on the old Cinnabar dump head; but I do know that he quickly turned his captures over to some of his deputies and had them promptly hustled down stage and off scene. While this was going on I was merely waiting for my cue, and I got it, or thought I got it, when the boy who wasn't a boy slipped from Daddy's arms and faced me.

"I'm not hurt, either," I ventured to say, hoping that the brain storm had subsided sufficiently to make me visible. "Welcome home, Miss Twombly—or should I say Mrs. Bullerton?"

The look she gave me was just plain deadly; you wouldn't think that violet-eyes could do it, but they can. Then she drew a folded paper from somewhere inside of her clothes and held it out to me.

"There is the deed to your mine, Mr. Broughton," she said nippingly, and with a fairly tragical emphasis on the courtesy title. "You wouldn't take the trouble to go to Copah and get it recorded, so I thought I'd better do it. I hope you'll pardon me for being so forward and meddlesome."

It was the super-climax of the entire Arabian Nights business, and because my feelings would no longer be denied their rightful fling, I sat down on the shaft-house doorstep and shouted and laughed like a fool. But after all, at was Mr. Isaac Beasley, deputy sheriff and marshal of Angels, who put the weather-vane, so to speak, up on the fantastic structure.

"I been lookin' 'round for you a right smart while," he told me gruffly. "When you get plum' over your laugh and feel that you're needin' a little sashay over the hills f'r exercise, you can come along with me and go to jail f'r stealin' that railroad car."

XIX

The Hold-Up

Beasley left me sitting on the doorstep—I've a notion he had run out of handcuffs, else he might have clapped a pair of them on—while he started his posse down to Atropia with the captured raiders and their leader. When he came back we took time, Daddy and I and the big marshal, to size up the damage that had been wrought, and beyond that, to dig into the mystery of the continuous grumbling roar which was still ascending out of the wreck-covered mine shaft.

Payment for the damage, if it could have been collected, would have cracked a reasonably fat bank account. The out-buildings on the blacksmith side were reduced to kindling wood, the boiler shed had been carried away, and two of the three boilers were lying on the ground. The roof of the shaft-house was to all intents and purposes a total loss, and the hoisting machinery was badly crippled. Across the dump head, Daddy's blast-shot, fired earlier in the siege to drive the raiders out of the cabin, had caved in the windows and door and damaged the roof some, but the interior wasn't hurt much.

All this we took in hurriedly, being much more interested in finding out what was going on under the pile of wreckage hiding the shaft mouth. Beasley stayed with us, waiting, as I took it, to get his breakfast before he ran me off to jail, and the three of us fell to work clearing away the fallen timbers and roofing iron. It was a rather slow job, and Jeanie who, after giving me that bucketing of ice-water, had gathered up what was left of our commissary and had gone over to set the cabin to rights, came across to call us to breakfast while we were still digging away at the obstructions. Naturally, we didn't want to stop at that stage of the game, so we worked the faster, Daddy Hiram leading the attack and being the first to stick his head through what remained of the tangle and hang it over the edge of the shaft's mouth.

"Hooray!" he yelled, his voice sounding as if it came from the inside of a barrel; and then again, "Hooray, Stannie, son!—by the ghosts of old Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, Charley Bullerton's done gone and done eggs-zac'ly what he said he could do—dreened your mine for ye! Climb in here and a look at her. She's empty as a gourd—but, at that, she ain't goin' to be very long!"

A few more minutes of the strenuous toil cleared the pit mouth so that we could all see. The bomb which had exploded in the shaft had wrought a complete transformation. The standing flood, which all of our pumping attacks had failed to lower by so much as a fraction of an inch, was gone, and with it had vanished the two big centrifugals, the platform upon which they had stood, and their pipe connections. Gone, likewise, was the greater part of the heavy wooden shaft-lining. A little of this remained in the upper part of the shaft, but from a point possibly twenty-five feet down, there was nothing but the bare rock sides of the square pit swept clean by the receding flood.

As for the hollow roaring noise which had followed the crash of the explosion, and which still continued, there was a good and sufficient reason plainly visible from the pit's mouth. Some twenty feet down, and on the eastern side of the shaft, a stream of water big enough to run a good-sized hydro-electric plant was pouring into the perpendicular cavern, and it was its plunging descent into the bowels of the earth which was making the mimic thunder.

Beasley was the first to find speech.

"Where the blazes is all that water comin' from?" he exploded.

"That's just what we're going to find out!" I barked. "Can you and Daddy handle my weight in a rope sling?"

They both protested that they could handle two of me if necessary, and a sling was quickly rigged and I was lowered into the pit. At the nearer view thus obtained, some of the mysteries were instantly made clear. The reason why the wooden boxing disappeared below a certain point in the shaft was that it had never extended any farther down. It had been merely a box with a bottom!—and all those pipe-dream impressions which had tried to register themselves on the day when I had my struggle with the suction-pipe octopus were instantly translated into facts. I could have sworn, then, that there was a bottom in the box, and there was a bottom. And that other impression—that I had encountered an inrushing stream of ice-cold water in the chilling depths; here was the stream; a foot-thick- never-failing cataract, pouring in through a perfectly good and subsantial conduit of twelve-inch iron pipe!

In a flash the whole criminal mystery involving the ostencibly flooded mine was illuminated for me. "Haul away!" I called to the two above; and when they had drawn me up to the pit's mouth and I could get upon my feet, I yipped at Daddy and the marshal to come on, and led them in an out-door race along the mine ledge to the eastward; a hundred-yard dash which brought us to the banks of the swift little mountain torrent in the right-hand gulch.

A brief search revealed precisely what I was expecting to find; what any one in possession of the facts precedent would have expected to find. In the middle of a small pool slightly upstream from the path level—a pocketed bit of water neatly screened and half hidden by a growth of low-branching spruces—we saw a cone-shaped whirlpool swirl into which a good third of the stream flow was vanishing. Below this pool an apparently accidental heaping of rocks formed a small dam which kept the little reservoir full.

Without word, Daddy Hiram and the Angelic marshal plunged recklessly into the stream and with their bare hands tore away the loose-rock dam. With the removal of the slight barrier and the consequent clearing of the course of the stream, the pocket reservoir immediately sucked dry, the intake of the cataracting pipe was exposed, and the secret of the flooded Cinnabar was a secret no longer.

We threshed it all out over a breakfast of bacon and warmed-over beans and stewed tomatoes, eked out by—no, crowned and decorated by—delicious corn cakes which Jeanie had made out of some store of meal which Daddy and I must have overlooked in our hasty provisioning of the shaft-house fortress. In that talk, we, or Daddy Hiram and I, recalled our blind guesses made on the day when we had dodged Bullerton by taking refuge in Daddy's abandoned tunnel on the "Little Jeanie" claim; and Beasley, who was an old resident in the district, and had been a mining man before he was elected marshal of Angels, was able to confirm the guesses—or some of them.

The scheme which had been elaborated and set in motion to "soak" Grandfather Jasper was a premeditated "hold-up." The Cinnabar, in operation was producing to its capacity, was worth, so Beasley asserted, all that my grandfather had paid for it, and more. But with the branch railroad built to its very door, its value would be doubled. Two alternatives had thus presented themselves to the owners, who were Cripple Creek mining speculators who had bought in the stock at a low figure while the main vein was as yet unexploited; they could go on mining the ore and storing it against the time when the railroad, with its cost-reducing advantages, should come along; or they could suspend operations for the same length of time, setting the losses of a shut-down over against the increased profits when they should start up again.

While they were debating this moot point—the Cinnabar's dilemma was common talk in Angels, at the time, so it seemed—Grandfather Jasper, who had been one of the original stockholders in the mine when it was but an unyielding prospect shaft, happened along. It was safe to assume that he knew nothing of the railroad plans, and if he didn't, the speculators were probably careful to leave him in ignorance. Anyway, the next thing Angels knew, the report was handed about that the Cinnabar had been sold, lock, stock and barrel, to an Eastern millionaire; and that, shortly after the sale was consummated, an immense body of underground water had been tapped and the mine was hopelessly flooded.

With our discoveries of the morning the plan of the robbery was perfectly plain. Some giant of finance among the speculators had evolved a scheme by which the mine not only might be shut down during the interval of waiting for the railroad to build over the bench, but at the same time be made to yield a bumper crop of profits.

Taking its various steps in their order, the first move in the game was to sell the mine to Grandfather Jasper, while it was still a going proposition; and this was done. But one of the conditions of the sale (Beasley told us this) was that the selling corporation should continue to operate the mine, not as a lessee, but under a contract by which the operating company should receive a certain percentage of the output; an arrangement which gave the hold-up artists ample opportunity to prepare for the coup de main.

How these preparations were made, and the secret of them kept from leaking out, still remained one of the unsolved mysteries, though Beasley suggested that probably imported workmen were employed, and that the work had been done under jealous supervision with all the needful precautions taken against publicity. The tight wooden box—which would figure as a part of the shaft lining—had been built, and into the box the creek had been diverted by means of the small dam and the underground conduit. With the water admitted, to rise in the box to the level of its intake in the creek reservoir, the trap was set and was ready to be sprung.

Beyond this point there was a gap which we were obliged to bridge by conjecture, but the inferences were all plausible enough. Doubtless the plotters had notified my grandfather that his mine was flooded and was no longer workable. Doubtless, again, he had authorized them to buy the needful pumping machinery and to install it—which they did.

Next we were to suppose that the robbers had reported the total loss of his investment to their victim, inviting him to come out and see for himself what the flood had done to him. He had come; Beasley had seen him as he passed through Angels. We were left to infer that he had visited the mine and had been given a demonstration of the hopelessness of affairs by a test run of the pumps; a demonstration which drew the water from the box in the shaft only to have it constantly and steadily replaced by the flow through the pipe conduit from the stream in the gulch.

In this barefaced imposture the plotters had conceivably builded something upon Grandfather Jasper's advanced age as an insurance against any too-searching investigation; but beyond this they had carefully disarmed any suspicions that he might otherwise have harbored by encouraging him—in the actual purchase of the property—to take expert advice, and by craftily priming him, by understatements of the facts, to trust him.

Only rumors of what had occurred at this visit reached Angels; but Beasley could testify that my grandfather had come and returned alone, and that after the pumping demonstration had been made he had seemed disposed to pocket his huge loss and to call it a bad day's work.

It was some months later when he made another and final visit to the mine; and this was the occasion upon which he had found the Twomblys inhabiting the deserted cabin of the former superintendent, and had put Daddy in charge as caretaker.

The later developments were not hard to figure out. Beasley was able to tell us that the proposed railroad branch to run to the new copper properties in Little Cinnabar Gulch was now a certainty for the very near future. Hence the time was fully ripe for the recovery of the Cinnabar by the plotters. No doubt they had confidently assumed that a repurchase of the property—not directly by themselves, of course, but by an agent who would figure as a disinterested third party—would be easy. Beasley said that there had been some talk of an underrunning drainage tunnel, such as Daddy and I had figured upon—this at the time of the springing of the flood trap.—and that the cost had been estimated at half a million. Unquestionably the robbers had assumed that an old man who had already charged his venture up to profit and loss would sell for a song rather than to venture again; and in this they were probably well within the truth.

But at the moment when they were ready to complete the circle of imposture, death—the death of Grandfather Jasper—had stepped in to complicate matters. Somebody—possibly Cousin Percy—had corresponded with whoever was representing the robber syndicate, and by this means the plotters had learned that they would now have to reckon with an heir. How Bullerton came to be employed by them almost at the instant of his return from South America we did not know; but we could easily understand that with the new complication which had arisen by reason of Grandfather Jasper's death, it was highly necessary for some emissary of the syndicate to get on the ground quickly, prepared to forstall by purchase, guile, or, in the last resort by force, any attempt of the Dudley heirs to pry into things they were not to be permitted to know.

Some of these things we guessed at, but one inference was fairly certain. It was I who had pulled the trigger of all the recent activities by the single query I had telegraphed Bullerton, when he was in Cripple Creek and I was in Denver. He—and his employers—had doubtless immediately jumped to the conclusion that nobody but old Jasper Dudley's heir would have asked the question that I was asking; that is, the name of the old gentleman who had owned the drowned mine. After that, Bullerton had wired me the fictitious name, had loaded himself up with money enough to buy me off if I were for sale, and had set out to best me in the race for the goal in the Eastern Timanyonis. Also, we judged, he had been given authority enough to cover whatever means he might have to employ if the money club wouldn't serve to beat me off.

His pushing the fight for possession to the final and property-destroying extremity was another matter that Beasley was able to explain. Sometime during the siege Bullerton had sent one of his men to Atropia to buy explosives, and the man had been recognized by Buddy Fuller, the telegraph operator, as a member of a gang of box-car thieves that the railroad authorities had once prosecuted. There were no explosives to be had in Atropia, and the man had gone on to Angels. Fuller had thereupon wired Beasley to be on the lookout for this man and the marshal had met and questioned him. The mere fact that he was under suspicion was enough to send the powder-buyer back to Bullerton with a flea in his ear; and Bullerton was shrewd enough to guess that Beasley would follow his inquiries up with an expedition to the Cinnabar. Hence the necessity for a finishing stroke, administered swiftly.

"Ye see, it was a case o' fish 'r cut bait, and do it quick," the marshal concluded. "If he could run you folks out, pronto, and get possession afore anybody come along to ask a lot o' p'nted questions, he stood about one chance in a dozen to lie out of it some way. If you-all got killed in the scrimmage, he'd scatter his men in the woods and try to make me b'lieve that you'd got done up trying to run him off."

"Would you have believed him?" I asked, grinning across the table at Beasley.

"It 'd a-been a question of veeracity, as the court says; with maybe you and Hi Twombly too dead to testify."

At this, Daddy, who had been eating like a man half-tarved, put in his word.

"I reckon you can't get at them galoots higher up, Stannie, but if you don't shove Charley Bullerton just as far as the law 'll allow, I'm goin' to call ye a quitter."

At that moment Jeanie had just brought in another heaping plate of the luscious corn cakes, and I was looking at her when I replied:

"We'll see about the shoving a bit later, Daddy. The first thing to do is to put the old Cinnabar in shape to shell us out some money. I'm broke, you know."

When I made this admission, Beasley, the last man in the world from whom help could come, I should have said, looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Stannie Broughton — if that's your name—you ain't so dad-blamed crazy as you look and act," he remarked. "Money's what talks. Are you aimin' to swing onto this thing with your own hands?—for keeps, I mean; not to sell it out to the first set o' minin' sharps that comes along?"

"Sure!—you said it; I'm going to keep it and work it—after I get out of the jail where you're going to land me for pinching that inspection car and getting it smashed. Why else did I start out blindfolded to hunt for a girl, a horse and a dog?"

He let the latter half of my reply go without comment; charging it up to some last lingering remains of the craziness, perhaps.

"Well, let's see about where you'd crack your whip first," he invited.

"That part of it is easy," I laughed. "What I don't know about the practical end of the mining job would load a wagon. I'll pitch out and hunt me up a real, for-sure miner, of course."

"Nothin' so awfully crazy about that," he granted. Then: "What's the matter with Hi Twombly, here, for the boss miner?"

"Not a thing in the wide world—except that he can't because he is going to be my partner in the deal."

"Now you're talkin' a whole heap like a white man," said the desperadoish one. "Dog-goned if I don't b'lieve you are white! What do you say to givin' me a whack at the bossin' job?"

I took just one little glance at Daddy, and the mild blue eyes said "yes."

To Be Concluded.

New York to Sue Federal Government

Governor Smith has approved a contract whereby New York will join a number of other states in a joint suit against the United States government for the return of direct taxes approximating $300,000,000 paid immediately after the Civil war. New York's claim totals $49,029,875.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

AUTUMN days bring change of wearing apparel and everyone is interested in the new styles for the crisp golden brown days of the dying year. The dress for the first chill days of fall is the beltless coat dress, a popular mode that is good looking and comfortable. Reps and crepes, flannel and twill are the materials most used for this type of dress. We have an example of the type in No. 2194. A girlish style is depicted in No. 2211 below.

No. 2164—Fall Dress—A dress that you can wear now and later on under a topcoat is a good investment. Such a design is illustrated, the patterns for which cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 5¾ yards of 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2211—Youthful Design—Tight-fitting bodice and made with full skirt is this design, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. For dancing, it would be lovely in taffeta, either black, brown, navy blue or one of the lovely pastel shades. Silk crepe, either plain or printed is also suggested. Velvet or twill are other materials that might be used. In the 36-inch size, 2¾ yards of 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2194—Cont Dress—The pattern for No. 2194 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅝ yards 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2212—Dainty Nightgown—This slip-on nightgown, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 44 inches bust measure, is the simplest garment to make. It would be attractive made in radium silk or crepe de chine. Fine nainsook, batiste and cotton crepe are also suggested. For very cold winter nights, you appreciate one like this made of flannel. In the 36-inch size, 3⅜ yards 36-inch material is required. Price 15c. The embroidery is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 701, which comes in blue only and which costs 15c extra.

No. 2197 — Slender Lines — The woman who desires to look slimmer will find the correct lines in this design No. 2197, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 3⅝ yards 40-inch material is required. Price 15c.

No. 2207—Pretty Apron—The pattern for No. 2207 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 1¾ yards 36-inch material is required. Price 15c.

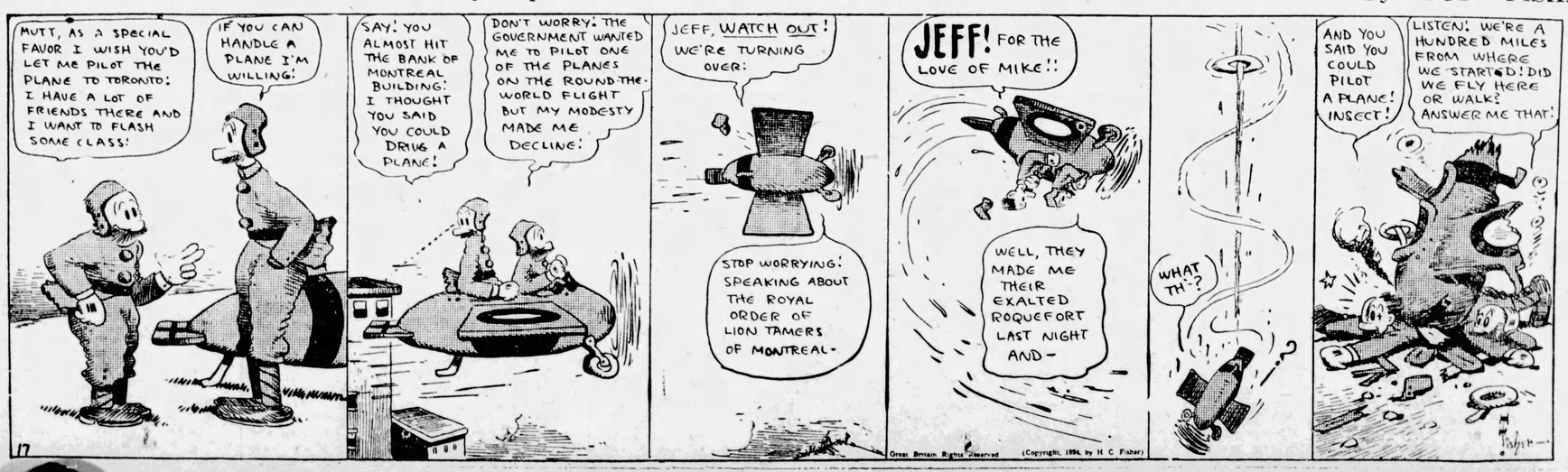
The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF

They Hop From Montreal to Toronto—Almost

By "BUD" FISHER


MUTT, AS A SPECIAL FAVOR I WISH YOU'D LET ME PILOT THE PLANE TO TORONTO! I HAVE A LOT OF FRIENDS THERE AND I WANT TO FLASH SOME CLASS!
IF YOU CAN HANDLE A PLANE I'M WILLING!
SAY! YOU ALMOST HIT THE BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD DRIVE A PLANE!
DON'T WORRY! THE GOVERNMENT WANTED ME TO PILOT ONE OF THE PLANES ON THE ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT BUT MY MODESTY MADE ME DECLINE!
JEFF, WATCH OUT! WE'RE TURNING OVER!
STOP WORRYING! SPEAKING ABOUT THE ROYAL ORDER OF LION TAMERS OF MONTREAL-
JEFF! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!!
WELL, THEY MADE ME THEIR EXALTED ROQUEFORT LAST NIGHT AND-
WHAT TH-?
AND YOU SAID YOU COULD PILOT A PLANE! INSECT!
LISTEN! WE'RE A HUNDRED MILES FROM WHERE WE STARTED! DID WE FLY HERE OR WALK? ANSWER ME THAT!
17
Great Britain Rights Reserved (Copyright, 1924, by H. C. Fisher)

According to Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan, sun-chasing flier of the United States army, flying a moderate type airplane hour after hour in a transcontinental journey is no more trying upon human endurance than sitting at the wheel of an automobile for the same time.

STEUBEN GROUP BACKS BOBCATS

Dawes Plan Flayed by Germans as Result of Author's Ruhr Stand.

...Steuben Society of America, ...the defunct German-...alliance, is now out openly ...Senator Robert M. La-...president.

...only indorsed LaFol-...ticket but it has created ...political committee" for ...of lining up voters of ...nt behind the third ...ate.

Welcomes Support.

...organization's support ...and welcomed is indi-...fact that LaFollette has ...rl E. Schmidt, Detroit, ...ative of the Steuben so-...member of his campaign ...committee.

...list of organizations ...indorsed LaFollette now

...Steuben Society of America. ...executive council of the Amer-...Federation of Labor. ...Socialist party. ...Non-Partisan league. ...committee of Forty-eight. ...railroad labor unions.

Opposed War.

...LaFollette was hailed as the champ... ...of the German-American Alli... ...when, in April, 1917, he voted ...declaration of war ...Germany and, later, when he ...his famous St. Paul ...the sinking of the Lusi... ...German submarine was ...incident to constitute a cause ...against Germany.

...campaign manifesto declar... ...favor of LaFollette for presi... ...Steuben society attacks ...the Republican and Democratic ...and assails their presidential ...President Coolidge and ...W. Davis, respectively. It also ...denounced two dead presi... ...Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, ...Warren G. Harding, Republican. ...President Coolidge is vaguely con... ...because he "retains in his ...representative of vast ...international interests of grave po... ...danger to our independence" ...because he signed the new im... ...which is alleged to dis... ...against Germans. He is ...moreover, of having been ...for relief for starving ...children and mothers.

...declared to come "directly ...the banks of the international ...who made the war the ...of colossal profits and who ...caused upward of 300,000 ...boys were slaughtered or ...maimed on foreign battlefields."

Hits Dawes Plan.

General Charles G. Dawes, Republ... ...nominee for vice president, is ...target for attack because he is the au... ...of the Dawes reparations pay... ...plan which is branded as "a ...makeshift which does not ade... ...requirements of the ...world's affairs," and be... ...said to have remarked ...[illegible] ...of the Ruhr ...[illegible]ssal fed. ...[illegible]wever, ...[illegible] for the hig... ...sident

...backed by the Steuben society, ...Senator LaFollette expects to get the ...votes of thousands of persons of ...German extraction in such cities as ...New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, ...Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati and ...Pittsburgh.

FINDS TRACES OF LOST RACE

Search Party Uncovers Evidence of Habitation on Bird Isle.

Many evidences of human habita... ...were discovered on the now un... ...inhabited island of Nihoa, part of ...the Hawaiian bird island reserva... ...200 miles northwest of the ...archipelago, by a scientific ...party which visited the reservation ...aboard the U. S. S. Tanager under ...the auspices of the Bishop Museum ...of Honolulu, according to statements ...made on the return of the party to ...Honolulu.

Acres of garden terraces, house ...sites, implements scattered about the ...island, bluff shelters, infant burial ...places, skeletons and temple ruins ...were uncovered by the scientists.

They would tend to prove that the ...Nihoa residents bore some relation... ...to the inhabitants of the Ha... ...waiian islands proper, according to ...Kenneth P. Emory, archeologist of ...the Bishop Museum. The temples ...are a resemblance to the ancient ...Hawaiian heiaus, or worshipping ...places, especially in their dry ma... ...sonry work and in the fact that some ...of the surfaces were paved with ...pebbles.

The implements found on Nihoa included many bone needles which may have been used for tattooing or for sewing, one rare fishhook made of human bone and similar to the ancient Hawaiian fishhooks, grind... ...stones showing the effect of much ...wear, adzes polished all over, and a ...stone lamp typical of Hawaii.

Flies are the carriers of at least ...[illegible] disease organisms and ...[illegible]

Rheumatism

A Remarkable Home Treatment Given by One Who Had It

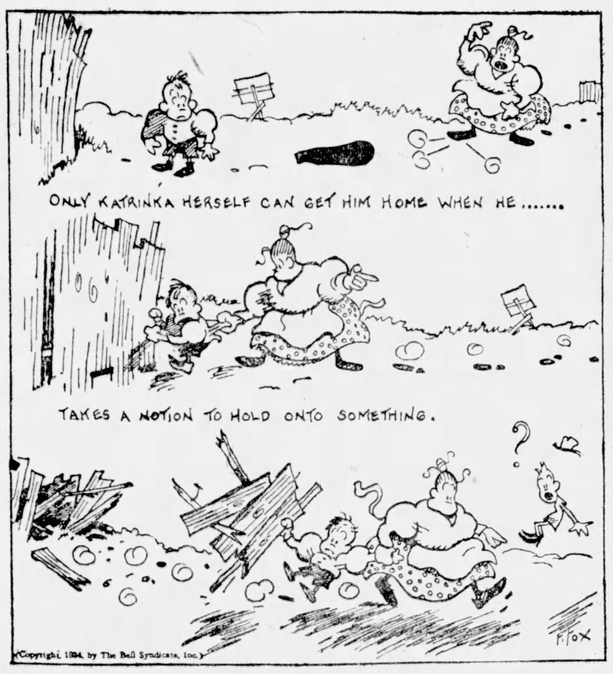
In the year of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Sub-Acute Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who are thus afflicted know for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, but such relief as I obtained was only temporary. Finally I found a treatment that cured me completely and such a pitiful condition has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, some of them 70 to 80 years old, and the results were the same as in my own case.

Any sufferer from any form of rheumatism and sub-acute (swelling at times) rheumatism, to try the great and improved "Home Treatment" with its remarkable healing power, I will send a cent; simply mail your name and address, send it with 1c to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long-looked for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when relief is this offered you free. Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 121-K Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

Powerful Katrinka's Brother


ONLY KATRINKA HERSELF CAN GET HIM HOME WHEN HE.....
TAKES A NOTION TO HOLD ONTO SOMETHING.
(Copyright, 1924, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)
FOX

TEXT OF JUDGE CAVERLY'S DECISION ON FRANKS CASE

The full text of Judge John R. Caverly's decision in the Franks case:

In view of the profound and unusual interest that this case has aroused, not only in this community, but in the entire country and even beyond its boundaries, the court feels it his duty to state the reasons which have led him to the determination he has reached.

It is not an uncommon thing that pleas of guilty are entered in criminal cases, but almost without exception in the past, such pleas have been the result of a virtual agreement between the defendant and the state's attorney whereby in consideration of the plea, the state's attorney consents to recommend to the court a sentence deemed appropriate by him, and in the absence of special reasons to the contrary, it is the practice of the court to follow such recommendations.

Situation Different.

In the present case the situation is a different one. A plea of guilty has been enterd by the defense without a previous understanding with the prosecution and without any knowledge whatever on its part. Moreover, the plea of guilty did not in this particular case, as it usually does, render the task of the prosecution easier by substituting admission of guilt for a possibly difficult and uncertain chain of proof.

Here the state was in possession not only of the essential, substantiating fact, but also of voluntary confessions on the part of the defendants. The plea of guilty, therefore, does not make a special case in favor of the defendants.

Since both of the cases: That, namely, of murder and that of kidnaping for ransom, were of a character which invested the court with discretion as to the extent of the punishment, it became his duty under the statute to examine witnesses as to the aggravation and motivation of the offense.

Duty Fully Met.

This duty has been fully met.

By consent of counsel for the state and for the defendants, the testimony in the murder case has been accepted as equally applicable to the case of kidnaping for ransom. In addition, a prima facie case was made out for the kidnaping case as well.

The testimony introduced both by the prosecution and the defense has been as detailed and elaborate as though the case had been tried before a jury. It has been given the widest publicity and the public is so fully familiar with all its phases that it would serve no useful purpose to restate or analyze the evidence.

By pleading guilty the defendants have admitted legal responsibility for their acts, the testimony has satisfied the court that the case is not one in which it would have been possible to set up successfully the defense of insanity, as insanity is defined and understood by the established law of this state for the purpose of administration of criminal justice.

Slayers Abnormal.

The court, however, feels impelled to dwell briefly on the mass of data produced as to the physical, mental and moral condition of the two defendants. They have been shown in essential respects to be abnormal; had they been normal they would not have committed the crime. It is beyond the province of this court as it is beyond the capacity of human science in its present state of development, to predicate ultimate responsibility for human acts.

At the same time the court is willing to recognize that the careful analysis of the life history of the defendants and of their present mental, emotional and ethical condition, has been of extreme interest and is a valuable contribution to criminology. And yet the court feels strongly that similar analysis made of other persons accused of crime would probably reveal similar or different abnormalities.

No Judicial Consideration.

The value of such tests seem to lie in their applicability to crime and criminals in general. Since they concern the broad questions of human responsibility and legal punishment and are in no wise peculiar to these individual defendants, they may be deserving of legislative, but not of judicial consideration. For this reason the court is satisfied that his judgment in the present case cannot be affected thereby.

The testimony in this case reveals a crime of singular atrocity. It is, in a sense, inexplicable; but it is not thereby rendered less inhuman or repulsive. It was deliberately planned and prepared for during a considerable period of time. It was executed with every feature of callousness and cruelty.

Corrects Misapprehension.

And here the court will say, not for the purpose of extenuating guilt, but merely with the object of dispelling a misapprehension that appears to have found lodgement in the public mind, that he is convinced by conclusive evidence that there was no abuse offered to the body of the victim. But it did not need that element to make the crime abhorrent to every instinct of humanity, and the court is satisfied that neither in the act itself, nor in its motive or lack of motive, nor in the antecedents of the offenders, can he find any mitigating circumstances.

For both the crime of murder and kidnaping for ransom the law prescribes different punishments in the alternative.

For the crime of murder, the statute declares: "Whoever is guilty of murder, shall suffer the punishment of death, or imprisonment in the penitentiary for his natural life, or for a term not less than 14 years.

Is Left to Court.

"If the accused is found guilty by a jury, they shall fix the punishment by their verdict; upon a plea of guilty, the punishment shall be fixed by the court."

For the crime of kidnaping for ransom, the statute reads: "Whoever is guilty of kidnaping for ransom shall suffer death, or be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for life, or any term not less than five years."

Under the plea of guilty, the duty of determining the punishment devolves upon the court and the law indicates no rule or policy for the guidance of his discretion. In reaching his decision, the court would have welcomed the counsel and support of others. In some states the legislature in its wisdom has provided for a bench of three judges to determine the penalty in cases such as this.

Moved by Age.

Nevertheless, the court is willing to meet his responsibility. It would have been the path of least resistance to impose the extreme penalty of the law. In choosing imprisonment instead of death, the court is moved chiefly by the consideration of the age of the defendants, boys of 18 and 19 years. It is not for the court to say that he will not in any case enforce capital punishment as an alternative, but the court believes that it is within his province to decline to impose the sentence of death on persons who are not of full age.

This determination appears to be in accordance with the progress of criminal law all over the world and with the dictates of enlightened humanity. More than that, it seems to be in accordance with the precedents hitherto observed in this state.

Only Two Other Cases.

The records of Illinois show only two cases of minors who were put to death by legal processes—to which number the court does not feel inclined to make an addition.

Life imprisonment may not, at the moment, strike the public imagination as forcibly as would death by hanging; but the offenders particularly of the type they are, the prolonged suffering of years of confinement may well be the severer form of retribution and expiation.

The court feels it proper to add a final word concerning the effect of the parole law upon the punishment of these defendants.

In the face of such atrocious crimes it is entirely within the discretion of the department of public welfare never to admit these defendants to parole. To such a policy the court urges them strictly to adhere. If this course is persevered in, the punishment of these defendants will both satisfy the ends of justice and safeguard the interests of society.

Imprisoned for Life.

In number 33623, indictment for murder, the sentence of the court is that you Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., be confined in the penitentiary at Joliet for the term of your natural life. The court finds that your age is 19.

In number 33623, indictment for murder, the sentence of the court is that you, Richard Loeb, be confined in the penitentiary at Joliet for the term of your natural life. The court finds your age is 18.

In 33624, kidnaping for ransom, is the sentence of the court that you, Nathan F. Leopold, Jr., be confined in the penitentiary at Joliet for the term of 99 years. The court finds your age 19.

In 33624, kidnaping for ransom, the sentence of the court is that you, Richard Loeb, be confined in the penitentiary at Joliet for the term of 99 years. The clerks will distribute to the newspaper men copies of the opinion, to those who want them. The sheriff may retire with the prisoners.

Soldiers' Salute for Mrs. Harding

Mrs. Florence Kling Harding, widow of the late President Harding, was signally honored during the Defense day celebration in Marion, O., when 21 of the regular soldiers doing guard duty at the former president's tomb, stopped sharply in front of where she stood watching the Defense day parade and saluted. The soldiers were participating in the parade. Sighting Mrs. Harding in the crowd, the commanding officer ordered a halt and salute.

MERGER TO FOIL RAIL GROUPINGS

Nickel Plate Combine to Hold Commission's Attention.

The biggest business problem in the country soon will be before the interstate commerce commission when it will be asked to pass on the application of the Van Sweringens for approval of the Nickel Plate merger.

In the opinion of many experts, the work of the Van Sweringens shows conclusively the futility of trying to outline on paper a plan of railroad consolidation. The operations of the Cleveland brothers, if approved, will not only upset the elaborate plan prepared by Professor William Z. Ripley, but the modifications of the Ripley idea represented in tentative groupings by the commission itself.

Should the commission approve the Nickel Plate merger, it will either have to work out an entirely new regrouping plan or announce that it will not have any to submit —because the principal factors in the Van Sweringen consolidation—the Erie, the Nickel Plate, the Pere Marquette and the Chesapeake & Ohio—are roads around which great systems were to have been built under the theoretical plans.

If the Van Sweringen combination should be approved, four of the 19 paper systems will be "destroyed."

The commissioners would have a pretty good precedent in reversing themselves on the question of consolidation because they would be following their superior body, congress, which years ago specifically forbade railroad combinations.

The doubt that the commissioners might entertain about the wisdom of congressional instructions has been intensified by the success of the Van Sweringens. They will provide an effective competitor for three other main lines between the Mississippi and the Atlantic.

There is some reason to believe that the Van Sweringens would not have gone so far if they had any doubt as to what the commission would do about their enormous deals. The brothers undoubtedly were encouraged by the action of the commission in approving the original Nickel Plate merger before the plan was announced.

It was expected that the commission would announce this fall its final decision on railroad groupings, but this finding probably will be delayed in the hope that congress again will change the law to such an extent, that the commissioners will not be expected to do more than supervise mergers.

BANDIT KING SCORNS DEATH

Hero in World War Turns Outlaw to "Elevate" His Standing.

Doino Belleff, who elects himself "king of the bandits," sits in a prison cell awaiting the decision of King Boris on his fate.

Doino, who proudly confessed that he terrorized Bulgaria, has been sentenced to death and his execution hangs upon the signature of King Boris.

The king is perhaps loath to send Doino to death; for in the past he has been the hero of more than one Balkan war, and the king himself has decorated him for bravery in action.

He Is War Hero.

"The king of the bandits" was formerly a Socialist, but a soldier, and he never permitted an opportunity to pass to show his bravery. When volunteers were called for to undertake dangerous expeditions, Doino and his followers were always first to respond.

When the World war came to a close Doino sought new excitement and thrills, first becoming a Communist and then a bandit.

"I am no more a robber than our ministers," said Doino, in a defiant statement to the court which sentenced him to death. "I am no more a robber than any rich man, for men don't become rich without despoiling somebody, generally the poor people. I never robbed the poor. On the contrary, I have divided my spoils with the poor. I never committed murder unless in self-defense. I consider myself a benefactor no matter what your corrupted society may say.

"Long Live Boris."

"King Boris himself will testify that I could have killed him if I had wished last year, when my gang stopped his automobile in the Shipka Pass.

"We recognized the king, and knowing that he is the most honest man living and never has done anyone wrong, we yelled:

"'Long live King Boris!' and sent him out with cheers.

"It was my creed never to molest the just and the good. I became a bandit through conviction, not through lust for gold."

When the death sentence was pronounced Doino did not move an eyelash, but stocially turned to a bystander and remarked:

"Oh, well, we shall all die sooner or later! Please give me a cigaret."

Bones of Elotherium, Tertiary Beast, Found

Fossils of another strange animal which used to roam the wilds of eastern Oregon years ago have been discovered.

A group of University of California geologists have found the skull, tooth and several bones of an elotherium, a squat, pig-like creature which probably existed in the tertiary age. The skull was about the size of that of a horse, except that it was flatter. One of the teeth was about two inches in diameter and about three inches long.

The expedition, which was under the direction of the Carnegie institute, was composed of professors and students of the University of California. Dr. Chester Stock headed the expedition, which explored the eastern Oregon territory for six weeks.

German Officers' Critic Jailed

Julius Heckelmann, a lawyer of Heilbronn, Germany, was sentenced to a prison term of six weeks for denouncing the conduct of German officers during the war. He accused them of gluttony and drinking.

The Latest Markets

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, No. 2, red, $1.31@1.32. Corn, cash, No. 2, yellow, $1.27½1.28½; No. 3, yellow, $1.25½@1.27½. Oats, cash, No. 2, white, 53@54c; No. 3, white, 52@53c. Barley, cash, No. 2, 91c. Rye, cash, No. 2, 98c. Cloverseed, cash, $14.00; Oct., $15.00; Dec., $14.25. Alsike, cash, new, $11.50; old, $11.00; Oct., $11.50. Timothy, cash, $3.55; Oct., $3.55.

Chicago — Wheat, Sept., $1.26⅝; Dec., $1.32; May, $1.38½. Corn, Sept., $1.20; Dec., $1.14⅛; May, $1.15¼. Oats, Sept., 49¼c; Dec., 52⅞c; May, 57⅛c. Rye, Sept., 97c; Dec., $1.00; May, $1.05¾.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 42c; solid pack, 41c; nut margarine, 26@26½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 25@26c; Michigan, 23½ @ 24c; Longhorn, 25@26c; limburger, 27@28c.

Eggs—Candled, 41c; selects, 46c.

Bacon — Fat, 18c; lean, 29½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 22c; 9 to 10 lbs., 21c; 11 to 12 lbs., 20c; 13 to 15 lbs., 19c. Hams—23c. Lard—16c.

Beef—Select prime steers, 14@15c; common, 10@12c; cows, 7@8c; common, 6@7c; heifers, 10@12c; bulls, 7@8c; canners, 3@4c. Calves—Prime, 17@18c; common, 13@14c. Hogs—Light, 14@15c; heavy, 11@12c; stags, 7@8c; sows, 10@11c. Sheep and lambs—Spring lambs, pelt off, 20@22c; light sheep, 10@12c; heavy, 4@5c; yearling lambs, 14@15c.

Live Poultry — Ducks — 17@18c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, 23@25c; hens, 24@26c; light hens, 16@18c; good broilers, 25@27c; Leghorn broilers, 22@24c; roosters, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 4c, green calf, No. 1, 15c; No. 2, 13½c; kip, 13c; No. 2 kip, 13½c; cured hides, No. 1, 7c; No. 2, 6c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland—Butter, extra, in tub lots, 41@42c; extra firsts, 38@39c; firsts, 37@38c; packing stock, 27@28c; standard, 39@40c; prints, 1c extra. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 43c; extra firsts, 41c; Ohio firsts, 36c; western firsts, 35½c. Oleomargarine — Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 25c; high grade, made of animal oil, 27@28c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—Old York state, new, 24@25c; limburger, 25@25c, brick, 24@25c; fancy Swiss, new, 38@40c; imported, 45c. Poultry—Live, heavy fat fowls, 25c; medium, 24@25c; heavy springers, 25@26c; light springers, 24@25c; spring ducks, 21@22c; ducks, 18@19c; Leghorn springers, 23@24c; roosters, 25c; Leghorn fowls, 17@18c; geese, 18@22c. New potatoes—Virginia, No. 1, best, $3.00@3.25 per cloth top stave barrel; 150-pound sack, $2.90@3.15. Sweet potatoes, $5.75 barrel.

Chicago — Butter higher; creamery extras, 37½c; standards, 36¼c; extra firsts, 35½@36½c; firsts, 34@34½c; seconds, 32@33c. Eggs, unchanged; receipts, 13,410 cases; firsts, 34@37c; ordinary firsts, 31@32c. Potatoes, trading fair, market little weaker on Wisconsin stock, about steady on other stocks; receipts, 118 cars; total U. S. shipments, 1,065; Minnesota bulk Early Ohios, $1.20@1.25; sacked Early Ohios, $1.20@1.30; Minnesota bulk round whites, $1.25@1.35; Wisconsin bulk round whites, $1.35@1.50; few, $1.25; Nebraska sacked Irish cobblers, $1.50@1.55; Kansas and Missouri sacked Irish cobblers, $1.35@1.40; Utah sacked Irish cobblers, $1.60. Poultry alive, higher; fowls, 17@25c; springs, 24c; roosters, 16c.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Cattle — Receipts, 1,600; slow and dull; choice yearlings, $9.50@10.00; fair to good, $7.50 @ 8.50; choice heavyweight butcher steers, $7.75@8.75; fair to good, $6.00@7.00; choice heavy steers, $7.50@8.50; fair to good, heavy and plain steels, $6.00@7.00; common and light butcher steers, $5.00@6.00; choice heifers, $6.50 @ 7.50; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.50; choice butcher cows, $5.00 @ 5.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; common cows, canners and cutters, $2.00@2.75; choice handyweight bulls, $5.00@6.00; choice heavy bulls, $4.00@4.75 Calves—Receipts, 2,500; 50c higher; good to choice, veal calves, $12.50@13.50; fair to good, $5.00@9.00. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 2,500; 50c lower; good to choice spring lambs, $12.50@13.50; fair to good, $8.00@10.00; good to choice sheep, $5.00@6.00; good to choice eyes, $3.50@4.50; common, $2.00@2.50. Hogs — Receipts, 6,000; 10c higher on mixed, 75c higher on pigs; Yorkers, $10.75; mixed, $10.85; pigs and lights, $10.50; roughs, $8.50; stags, $6.00.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs—Receipts, 42,000; better grades mostly 10c higher; slaughter pigs, 25@50c up; light lights slow, 10@15c advance; improved shipping demand; other kinds slow; top, $10.50; desirable 160 to 225-pound averages largely $10.20@10.40; bulk good and choice 140 to 150-pound butchers, $9.75@10.15; majority packing sows, $8.80@9.00, bulk good and choice strong weight slaughter pigs, $8.75@9.25. Cattle—Receipts, 28,000; excepting better grades yearlings and handyweights steers; most killing classes slow; early top long yearlings, $11.50; several loads, $10.75@11.00; in-between grades weight steers, weak to 25c lower; some prime handys held about $11.20; bulk fed steers run grading medium to good; many short fed kind included; shipping demand narrow; little doing in fat she stock; bulk cows and heifer grassy kind; bulls steady to weak; bulk bolognas, $4.00@4.25; few weighty sausage bulls, $4.40 and better; vealers, 25c to 50c lower; better grades to killers, $10.50@11.00; bobs downward to $5.00; stockers and feeders active, fully steady; feeder dealers taking well bred western grass steels at $6.00@7.50, according to weight and quality; country demand fairly broad; westerns to killers slow; bidding weak to a shade lower; few early sales, $6.50@8.00; common weighty kind at outside price. Sheep—Receipts, 33,000; slow; few early sales fat native lambs, 25c lower at $13.25@13.50; sorting, moderate billing around 25c lower on westerns; no early sales; best held around $14.00; sheep and feeding lambs steady; fat ewes, $4.75@6.50; early sales feeding lambs, $12.75@13.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts, 3,200; very slow; handy grades steady; canners, 15c higher; bulls steady; common butchers and grass fed, 25@50c, and in some cases 75c lower; shipping steers, $9.00@10.50; butchers, $7.00 @ 9.00; yearlings, $8.50@11.00; heifers, $5.00@8.00; fair to choice cows, $3.00@6.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.00; bulls, $3.00@5.50; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.50; fresh cows and springers active and strong, $35.00@125.00 per head. Calves — Receipts, 1,500; active; choice, $13.00@13.50; fair to good, $11.00@12.50; culls, $6.00@10.50; heavy, $6.00@8.00; grassers, $3.00@5.00. Hogs — Receipts, 17,600; active and steady to 10c higher; heavy and mixed, $10.90 @ 11.00; Yorkers, $10.90; light Yorkers, $10.00@10.90; pigs, $10.00; roughs, $8.50@9.00; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 11,000; active; lambs, 50c lower, $7.00@14.00; yearlings, $7.00 @ 10.00; wethers, $7.00 @ 7.50; ewes, $2.00 @ 6.50; mixed sheep, $6.50@7.00.

Pittsburgh — Cattle — Receipts, 3,000; steers, $9.25@9.90; heifers, $6.75@7.50; cows, $5.00@6.00. Hogs —Receipts, 4,500; lower; heavies, $10.70 @ 10.75; heavy Yorkers, $10.95@11.00; light Yorkers, $10.50@10.75; pigs, $9.75@10.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4,000; tdp lambs, $14.00; lower. Calves—Receipts, 1,500; lower; top, $13.50.

Indianapolis — Hogs — Receipts, 6,500; steady; heavies, $10.00@10.10; lights, $10.50@10.65; top, $10.75; pigs, $6.00@10.50. Cattle—Receipts, 1,500; slow, steady; steers, $7.00@10.50; beef cows, $4.00@6.50; heifers, $5.00@10.00. Calves—Receipts, 750; steady; veals, $8.00@12.50. Sheep—Receipts, 350; sheep steady; lambs steady to 50c lower; sheep, $4.00@5.00; lambs, $8.00@12.50.

EMIGRATION HITS IRELAND HARD

Hundreds Quit Free State Because of Feeling of Insecurity.

Emigration from Ireland is not decreasing, despite the efforts of the Free State.

Daily there are long lines of young Irish men and women standing before the United States consulate seeking passport visas for "the promised land." The consulate in Queenstown is similarly besieged. Difficulties which have arisen in securing visas because of the new American immigration laws have caused many of the emigrants to seek new fortunes in Australia and Canada and South Africa.

Though the population of the Free State is only 3,000,000, the quota for the United States under the immigration law is 28,597 a year, more than half of the quota of England, Scotland and Ulster combined, though the population of these countries is more than 15 times as large as that of the Free State.

There is no doubt but that the eyes of Ireland's youth are turned toward foreign lands. The steamship offices are doing a tremendous business.

The youth of Ireland is disheartened by disturbed conditions, by continued strikes and by constant threats of political upheavals. All of these things have deterred the development of Irish industry; and the ambitious youth fear that the future holds but little in store for them in their own country.

The emigrants are not from the lower classes, but are for the most part the educated sons and daughters of comfortable homes—young people who are anxious to make their way in the world and who feel that America and the colonies hold greater promise for them than their native land.

Labor Speaker Hits U. S. Courts

Vicious attack upon the equity courts of the United States, declaring them to be unjust and un-American was made by John P. Frey, Cincinnati, at a public mass meeting held under the auspices of the Ohio State Federation of Labor recently.

Frey also declared that the equity courts have been in many instances partial to employers and unjust to employes.

James Wilson, vice president of the American Federation of Labor, praised the work of unionized labor and said that it was greatly instrumental in the repulsion of child labor in the United States.

Women Seek to Take Blame From Kaiser

The Amalgamated Women's Clubs of Germany have resolved that Germany was not to blame for the beginning of the war in 1914 and held a special meeting to devise ways and means of scientifically assembling material designed to prove their contentions.

Frau Clara Mende, president of the organization, asserted that the club women had made arrangements to give wide publicity to documents which tended to show that a secret understanding existed prior to 1914 between the Russian Czar and other nations and with which Germany had no connection whatever. It was due largely to these secret agreements, she contended, that the war was brought about.

Would Give Medals at Polls to Voters

John A. Stewart, president of the Republican League of Clubs of the state of New York, has recommended to the executive committee of that organization that voting citizens be rewarded with medals and chronic non-voters be barred from the polls. He urged legislation disfranchising every person permanently or for a term of years who cannot give a valid excuse for having failed to vote at three consecutive elections.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 204 Davis Avenue, B-82, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

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WOMEN WANTED TO REPRESENT Priscilla Dress fabrics, dry goods, handkerchiefs, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Fitzcharles Co., Trenton, N. J.

EARN MONEY at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Co., 2348 Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—Ladies to embroider linens for us at home during their leisure moments. Write at once, "Fashion Embroideries," 1597, Lima, O.

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FREE SAMPLE over 100 styles and colors in hosiery and neckwear. 80% commission, free hosiery and ties to customers. 10% bonus. Act today. The Lexington Company, Dept. 1477, Lexington, Ky.

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UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—How and where to find them. Particulars for 2c. Model Co., Dept. 16, Como Bldg., Chicago.

MEDICAL.

TUBERCULAR SUFFERERS—Write for information. E. J. Evans, Kenova, W. Va. (Box 428).

FARMS WANTED

WANTED to hear from owner having farm or unimproved land for sale. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

"TIGER" IS HAPPY

Picks His Own Food

"Geneva? The League of Nations?" echoed Gorges Clemenceau, "but were we not talking of trees?

"Surely you do not wish us to talk about the league when the weather is so fine, the sky so clear and this oak so beautiful," he said to a correspondent of the Petit Parisien.

Then, smiling, he added:

"Ask this old oak to tell you about Geneva. It knows many secrets. It is older than I am; it is 2,000 years old; and maybe it can answer your question, but I beg you to leave me to cultivate my garden in peace."

The "Tiger" is spending his vacation in his picturesque peasant house.

The author of "Voile du Bonheur" sits and works most of the day in his studio overlooking the Atlantic. He interrupts his writhgs to go in his car to Sables d'Olonne, the celebrated bathing resort about 18 miles from St. Vincent-sur-Jard, where the "Tiger's" summer den is situated.

The former premier drives to market and takes pleasure in picking out his own fruit and vegetables, following which he takes a walk to the beach, plays with the children and then motors back home.

M. Clemenceau soon will be 83 years old, but to prove he is "no old man," raising both arms he easily executes a short dance, and, smiling broadly, says:

"Gee! Not bad at that, is it?"

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HABITS OF FLOES TO BE STUDIED

Age-Old Mysteries of Sea to Be Sought in Scientific Surveys.

A scientific expedition, organized by the United States navy and charged with solving the mysteries hidden beneath the ocean waves, will start work in the Gulf of Mexico next July, the naval hydrographic office announced last week.

The navy will take an inventory of the sea—going down to the deep, dark, unfathomed caves, for the secrets that for centuries have puzzled mankind. A story more fascinating than Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, will be brought back, naval hydrographers say.

"We propose to cover such matters as the origin and habits of icebergs, hot and cold currents, salt and gas in water, plants and animals that inhabit the sea, the winds and waves, fogs, rains, radio communication and submarine cables, navigation and fisheries, the formation of islands—in fact every phase of undersea existence related to human life and human welfare," said Captain E. B. Bassett, chief hydrographer of the navy.

Captain Bassett said that the agricultural and animal resources of the sea greatly exceed those of the land. He said that the rainfall of the South and Middlewest consists mostly of water from the Gulf of Mexico.

A close study is to be made of this rain distribution since the great farm areas depend for their reproductivity upon this region of the sea.

The navy proposes, after operations in the gulf, to study conditions of the sea in the Caribbean region and the neighboring parts of the north Atlantic, extending south through the Panama canal into the Pacific to the Galapagos islands. Subsequent work will be done in the waters of the north Pacific and north Atlantic oceans.

When in the Pacific waters hydrographers expect to delve into the secret of the earthquakes which for centuries have rocked the western coasts of the Americas and the islands of the sea.

Clock, Centuries Old, Has No Face, Hands

A clock in a church tower in Ludington, Eng., has neither face nor hands, but has given the parishioners accurate time for nearly four centuries by striking the hours on the church bell.

Built in the 16th century by the village blacksmith, it comprises two heavy stones, a rope 30 feet long and a crude escapement. It is wound up daily by the sexton, the winding barrels being of oak, like the beams in which the iron bearings work.

A Swedish concern will deliver 200 locomotives to Russia this year.

CONCRETE TEST SHOWS STRENGTH

7,500-Pound Pressure to Square Inch Applied Without Breaking.

What is believed to be a virtually indestructible concrete mixture for Missouri roads has been found by the state highway department test laboratory.

A cylinder of solid concrete, a specimen of a mixture being used by a road contractor in Newton county, was sent to the laboratory for a test. The requirement was that it was to stand a total pressure of $4,000 pounds without cracking or disintegrating.

The cylinder stood a test of 200,000 pounds, or 7,500 pounds to the square inch, which was as high as the laboratory apparatus registers. It came out of the press apparently as firm as when it was put in. Under far less pressure solid rock usually splits into fragments.

The test was the most remarkable since the laboratory was established. Sample concrete cylinders from road projects are received almost daily to make sure that the cement and rock mixtures are up to specifications.

The mixture of the record-breaking cylinder was 19½ parts Portland cement and 2½ parts chat.

Chat is the flint rock fragments from zinc mines in the Joplin district. Rolled flint sand also was used in the mixture.

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6 DEAD, SCORES BURNED AS FIRE HITS MONTEREY

California Seaport Turned Into Roaring Furnace After Repeated Explosions in Oil Plants.

This old seaport, one time capital of California, and popular beach resort, Monday was under virtual martial law as a great oil fire, which after taking a possible toll of six lives and $2,500,000 in property damage, roared on unchecked.

Military authorities at the Presidio took charge of the situation after a fourth explosion. The oil fire, started by a bolt of lightning, which has been raging for 24 hours, spread into Monterey and burned six homes.

Population Leaves Homes.

Soldiers who had been on the fire line since early Sunday and civilians turned hastily to the work of constructing dykes across all streets and other possible channels through which the burning oil liberated by explosions can run into the town.

Two of the known dead were soldiers. Privates Boleo of Headquarters Troop, 11th Cavalry, and E. Watkins, E Battery, perished Sunday when the first of six great oil storage tanks "boiled over," sending a flaming torrent of oil down upon 600 soldiers and half as many civilians who were working to remove government property from warehouses in the path of the flames. Four others are reported to have lost their lives, but their identity may never be known. Many are reported missing, but authorities believed that when the excitement dies down they will be found safe.

Scores Burned.

Scores were burned from being showered by blazing oil. All of the hospitals and sanitariums had their quota of burned persons and local physicians and nurses were treating others who were less seriously injured.

One of two gasoline tanks of the Standard Oil Co., in the path of the flames, exploded shortly after 2 A. M. Monday, shaking the whole countryside.

Monterey's famous old Chinatown dating back almost to the days of '49, was completely wiped out.

The fire presented an awe-inspiring spectacle. The giant 55,000-barrel steel tanks as they burned, gave off huge clouds of flame-tinged smoke. As the fire within literally boiled its way over the steel sides of the tanks, tidal waves of fire were loosened on the Monterey waterfront. Each of these waves took a fresh toll. First went the Associated Oil wharf and pumping plant. Then two big fish canneries, Monterey's chief industry, and swiftly the flames spread to the government wharves and warehouses.

Chinatown Destroyed.

Next to fall prey to the flames was Chinatown. Early Monday the fire communicated to the newer portion of the city in one of its finest residential sections.

The fire started on the property of the Associated Oil Co. The firm's loss was estimated to be more than $1,000,000. The loss included 200,000 barrels of oil in addition to the valuable tank and pumping plant, a long wharf and many buildings. The tank struck by a stray bolt of lightning burned throughout the night until the "boil-over" came. Thousands of sightseers had narrow escapes. The word for soldiers and civilians to abandon their posts in the path of the flames came barely in time.

"Gas Reservoir Explodes."

A gasoline reservoir in the path of the burning oil exploded with terrific force, the concussion being heard for miles inland. This spread the blaze to other oil tanks on "the farm," and then late Sunday night the sweep of burning oil into the ocean turned into the Standard's neighboring plant where additional gasoline tanks exploded. The field of fire covering approximately 20 acres from the base of the military reservation to the waterfront throughout the night gave off a red glow which lighted the sky for miles. Cordons of soldiers under command of Colonel Herbert J. Brees and other regular army officers kept back the venturesome, and directed the work of throwing up embankments and dykes to turn back a possible flood of oil from the town.

The scorching heat of the flames was felt for a mile. Waters of the bay were hot from the flood of burning oil poured on its surface. Only the lurid glow of the burning liquid lighted Pacific Grove and New Monterey throughout the night, the top of the flaming oil burned out power transmission lines.

Railroads of the United States require 87,000,000 new ties every year.

Democratic Party Leaders in Confab

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

WHEN John W. Davis, Democratic presidential candidate, invaded the West on a campaign tour he stopped off at Lincoln, Neb., to talk it over with Governor Charles W. Bryan, his running mate, on the steps of the latter's executive mansion.

PREPAREDNESS PLEA VOICED

General Pershing Calls on Nation to Protect Its Peace Aims.

A strong plea for civilian preparedness for the eventuality of war and a warning against letting the "future lull us into our customary attitude of lethargy and irresponsibility," was voiced last week by General Pershing in a speech at the Government club in New York.

Comparing the activities of the pre-war regular army to those of the present day he said that both civilian attitude towards the army and the army's tasks had changed. The army's goal, he said, "has become preparation for service, whether it be blazing an air route round the world or teaching the youth of the land something of their civic duties and obligations."

The regular officers, he said, have become active instructors of voluntary citizens components of the American defense system, constantly employed in ensuring that "if the time should come, the necessary man-power and material would be at least partially ready."

Referring to defense day, he said that "the general participation of our people on that day will be a conclusive evidence that they are not going to allow the costly lessons of the World war to pass unheeded."

The army, he said, had always taught the "loftiest conception of patriotic service," emphasizing the principle "that no man is worthy of the protection of our government unless he is willing to serve under the flag in the event of an emergency."

Realizing the bitter realities of war, he continued, "universal peace should be the ideal towards which we must strive, without neglecting our sacred duty to provide for security.

"Be it understood that we are not advocating militaristic doctrines, but only urge a very reasonable plan of training and planning that will make us less likely to be drawn into armed conflict."

Peace Plan Split Between 3 Italians

First prize in the peace plan contest under the award furnished by Edward A. Filene, Boston, has been awarded to Prospero Fedozzi, Gino Arias and Vincenzo Canto jointly.

The prize, which is 100,000 lire, will be divided equally between the three men. Signor Fedozzi is professor of international law and Arias is professor of political economy at the University of Genoa.

DAVIS STOCK SEEMS TO BE HEADED FOR PIT; DEFEAT IS SEEN

Unless all present pre-election signs fail, James M. Cox is soon to lose the doubtful distinction of being the worst defeated Democratic candidate for president.

John W. Davis, the 1924 nominee, seems destined to wrest the laurels from the brow of Cox and go down into political history as the champion loser.

With the November election still seven weeks off, there is plenty of time for many things to happen, but as the situation sizes up now there is every indication of a Democratic defeat which may turn out to be a disaster of greater proportions than that suffered in the Harding landslide of 1920.

Victory Conceded.

Many Democrats not only concede a sweeping victory for Coolidge and Dawes, but express the fear that their party may not long survive as a national entity. They point out that it already has been practically wiped out in many northwestern states, is demoralized and moribund in New England and the East and that in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other Middle West states it is being supplanted by LaFollette's third party.

Pessimists see Democracy during the next decade degenerate into a sectional party and confined mainly to the South.

Notwithstanding the steadily diminishing chances of a Davis and Bryan victory in November and the dark prospect for the future, Democratic chieftains are fighting desperately with their backs to the wall. Their campaign will be one of constantly increasing effort until election day.

The Maine election was a staggering blow to Democratic leaders who had been deluding themselves with false and fantastic reports concerning the prospect of Democratic success in that state.

Results in Maine.

They had been led to believe that either Pattangall, the Democratic nominee for governor, would be elected or that Brewster, the Republican candidate, would win by such a reduced majority, that it could be acclaimed as a Democratic victory.

Brewster's election by more than 36,000 and the re-election of Senator Fernald, Republican, by the unprecedented majority of 50,000 stunned the party prognosticators, including National Chairman Clem L. Shaver who, the day before the election, issued a formal statement forecasting Democratic victory.

A victory was sadly needed to improve the low morale of Democratic organization workers, encourage the lagging campaign contributions and advertise to the country as a forerunner of November success.

Fighting Spirit Needed.

Disillusion, now augmented by desperation, may prove a blessing in disguise to the Democratic management, particularly since there is some evidence of over-confidence in the Republican camp. Strange things can happen in politics to change in a short time the whole aspect of a presidential campaign. And a fighting spirit is a party's best asset.

Nothing, however, can disguise the present fact that Democrats are in a bad way and that, as things are going now, the Davis-Bryan ticket is headed straight for defeat.

Most potent of all reasons is the development of LaFollette's strength in Ohio and other pivotal states. To their alarm and dismay, the Democratic chiefs now realize that the candidacy of LaFollette is attracting far more Democratic than Republican votes and, instead of insuring Democratic victory as the Roosevelt candidacy did in 1912, it has become a Democratic menace.

Reports Favor G. O. P.

Inasmuch as Democratic leaders coddled and encouraged the LaFollette candidacy from the beginning, the irony of their predicament now is not lost on the Republicans.

Six weeks ago, Democratic managers talked blithely about carrying Ohio, Indiana and New Jersey, and boasted at least a 50-50 chance of carrying New York, which, with the solid South and border states, would insure the election of Davis.

Inside reports reaching Democratic headquarters during the past few days are that all four of these states appear safe for Coolidge, and that the border states of Maryland, West Virginia and Missouri show symptoms of swinging into the G. O. P. column.

This, coupled with indications that LaFollette will be unable to capture enough electoral votes in the northwestern section to prevent Coolidge from obtaining the necessary 266, is sufficient to account for the swift blighting of Democratic prospects.

But there are other contributing causes to which Democrats are just beginning to open their eyes.

Poor Campaigner.

Chief among these is Davis himself and the kind of a campaign he is making. There still is only praise for Davis' character and qualifications, but there is a dawning suspicion that as a rough-and-ready campaigner and vote-getter he is sadly wanting.

An Ohio Democrat, who held an important state office under former Governor Cox, while in Washington this week, described the impression Davis left on delegates to the Democratic state convention whom he addressed in Columbus Aug. 26.

"The delegates had come," he said, "all pepped up for a speech lambasting Daugherty in his home town, hammering Coolidge on his failures, and generally raising the dickens with Republicans. Jimmy Cox had paved the way for Davis with a typical Cox introduction. Then along came Davis with a nice polite speech of fine phrases in which he failed to mention Daugherty, only slapped the President's wrist and aroused no great enthusiasm. It made quite a hit with lawyers, but the majority of delegates went home cold. Four weeks ago we thought Davis had a good chance in Ohio. Now, he's as good as licked. Coolidge will carry Ohio with a big plurality and LaFollette will probably run second."

Similar reports come from New Jersey, Nebraska and other states in which Davis has spoken. His speeches are admirably worded, sound well and read well, but somehow they fail to get over. Personally, Davis is reported as well liked and creating an agreeable impression with those he meets, yet unable to stir the feelings or arouse the interest of the voters.

Shaver a Lightweight.

Another weakness in the Democratic campaign is the inexperience and apparent incapacity of Davis' hand-picked manager, Shaver. The new national committee chairman seems to be lost in his job. At Washington, the Democratic campaign headquarters, he gives the impression of aimless and ineffective action.

It was fully a month after Shaver's appointment before his headquarters force showed any semblance of organization. Several changes in important posts were made after the first appointments were announced. The delays and changes proved demoralizing. Jealousies developed between "original" Davis men and former McAdoo men. Shaver, in a daze, seemed unable to straighten out the mess and in the meanwhile campaign expenses were mounting and contributions pitifully small and few.

Things are going better now, owing to the heroic assistance of George White, Cordell Hull, Daniel C. Roper and other political experts, but the situation is still bad.

BRITAIN DROPS PEACE BOMB

Sea Proposal Is Seen as Alliance Offering Navy Protection.

Great Britain dramatically dropped a naval bomb into the Geneva conference last week and the new Anglo-French entente was appraised by many as approaching the character of an out and out alliance, when Sir Cecil Hurst, jurist and British delegate, declared Great Britain's readiness to accept compulsory arbitration, provided she would not be brought into court because of some act of her navy performed in attempting to maintain or restore peace.

This declaration has set Geneva agog more than anything since Premiers MacDonald and Herriot committed themselves in principle to the settlement of any and all disputes by obligatory arbitration by some world tribunal or tribunals.

The English reservation was interpreted as meaning that once the British navy begins to operate, her right of search and capture, which formed the subject of controversy between the United States and England before the United States entered the great war, cannot be questioned.

The British statement is being given special attention because of the announced intention of the American government to adhere to the world court of justice, whose compulsory arbitration clause is under consideration. The effect of the announcement is that if the British reservation is accepted by the other powers, continental countries, led by France, will not only get help from England as part of the proposed pact of security or sanctions, but also the full and immense support of the British fleets in case any country in defiance of an arbitral decision opens hostilities and attacks another state.

FLIERS OFFERED $50,000 PRIZES

World War Aviators to Hold Reunion During Races.

Aviators who flew together over the German lines in the World war, and others who waited together for that opportunity, will meet in Dayton in one of the biggest military reunions since the armistice, when the International Air races are held at Wilbur Wright field, Oct. 2, 3 and 4.

The army air service has given assurance that fliers and officers throughout the country will be permitted to attend, and approximately 400 from almost every military post and field have already signified that intention.

Arrangements for the reunion are being made by Major A. W. Robins and John F. Curry, commandants of Wilbur Wright and McCook fields, and Major George Brett of Wright field.

The International Air races, the chief attraction will include 12 racing events, for which $50,000 in prizes have been offered.

HOOVER TO CALL FISH PARLEYS

Would Call Conferences of States to Guard Resources.

Some time during the coming winter a series of conferences of state authorities will be held to consider ways and means of conserving and rehabilitating the fish resources of the coastal waters and inland streams of the United States. These conferences will be called by Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, who announced his intention so to do at the annual convention of the United States Fisheries association just held in Atlantic City.

Secretary Hoover has a definite plan for interstate conservation. He points out that the major problems, especially those with reference to fish in coastal waters, are not confined to a single state, but involve two or more states and cannot be solved except by joint action. As he expresses it, there are no state lines in fish, or if there are the fish do not know it.

The habitat of each species and its special habits must be considered as a whole if there are to be any beneficial results. The historic crab controversy of Chesapeake bay, which involves the waters of Virginia and Maryland, is cited by the secretary as a perfect example. The question is local to two states and common to both.

Neither can solve it alone, but both together have full power to handle it. The joint handling of salmon by Oregon and Washington is an instance of constructive work, but even that needs the co-operation of other states.

Secretary Hoover's plan would avoid the encroachment of federal authority on state responsibility, and is based upon the constitutional power of the states to enter into agreements and compacts with the consent of congress.

Official Joy Rides Banned in Japan

No more joy rides in the official motor cars of the department of railways of Japan. This is the first edict of Dr. Sengoku, newly named minister of railways. While joyriding in Japan has been more or less limited due to the poor roads both in the cities and the suburbs, nevertheless there has developed a custom on the part of minor officials in the railways department to take Japanese "flappers" into the country in cars which bear the license plates of the department.

BRITONS FAIL AS "BARNUMS"

Empire Exposition Shows Loss From Day Gates Opened.

The British empire exhibition at Wembley was a financial failure. Between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000 visitors will be needed to pay expenses, and thus far the attendance has been about 12,000,000. The exhibition is to be open till Armistice day, but there is small likelihood that the last weeks will show any marked improvement on the attendance records.

At one time this summer the exhibition had an overdraft at a London bank of nearly $20,000,000, and, while much of this has been paid off, the shortage is believed to be still heavy. It is denied, however, that guarantors will be called upon to pay 50 per cent of their guarantees.

The reason for the failure has been the lack of interest by Londoners themselves. The bulk of the attendance has come from the provinces and from overseas. The London public is an evening public, and the distance to Wembley, while relatively short in time, has been considerable in psychology. Wembley "seemed" farther away than it was, and the Londoners went to their habitual places of amusement and declined to "learn more" about the British empire.

Pageant Heavy Loss.

The pageant of empire, which cost $500,000 to produce in the stadium at Wembley, has incurred a heavy loss. This was due in part to the weather, which has been unusually rainy all summer. But even if the stadium with its 60,000 seats had filled every night, the pageant could not have paid.

From the educational and business standpoint, however, the exhibition has been satisfactory. It has brought home the size, diversity and wealth of the empire in a far more impressive way than has all the propaganda hitherto conducted. Enthusiastic reports have been made of the orders placed as result of the industrial and commercial exhibits.

No decision has been reached on the continuance of the exhibition next year. The guarantors want another year's operation, as this probably would wipe out the deficit and even make a profit. They deny that an American promoter has offered $25,000,000 for the exhibition, but the story that such an offer was made is in line with the suggestion that the exhibition shall be made permanent.

Dominions Withdraw.

The drawback is that the dominions have refused to incur the expense of a second year, though the colonies, as distinct from the dominions, are said to be eager for an extension. A cabinet committee has been appointed to consider the question of Wembley's future and finances.

The sum guaranteed by the British government was $3,000,000, and the government may wish to continue operation to save itself from being called upon for a large sum.

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T. R.'S CABIN TO BE HOUSED

Covering of Stone to Be Used to Preserve Lodge on Ranch.

The Roosevelt cabin, once occupied by Theodore Roosevelt when recuperating at the old Maltese ranch, seven miles south of the village of Medora in the Little Missouri Bad Lands of North Dakota, is to be preserved in a fitting shrine, according to the State Historical society of North Dakota.

Lewis F. Crawford, curator of the society, is preparing plans for a stone shrine of stately and substantial design to be erected over the building. Assistance through popular subscription from every state is being considered, Mr. Crawford states, owing to requests from all sections for the shrine's establishment.

The cabin has historical interest in North Dakota and the northwest. No other building in the state has traveled as much. It was taken from the Maltese ranch, where it had stood for more than 20 years, and shipped to the St. Louis exposition in 1904. At the close of the exposition, the cabin was returned here and set up on the capitol grounds.

The building is constructed of pine logs, cut on the upper waters of the Little Missouri in 1880-81.

Home for Homeless Shelters Turk Prince

Among the dwellers in an old military barrack turned over to the homeless in Budapest, is Prince Abdul-Kadir, son of the late Abdul Hamid, deposed sultan of Turkey.

The prince is 46 years old. He occupies four rooms with his wife, two sons, his mother-in-law and his secretary. His former numerous retinue now has shrunk to a colored servant, a maid and a cook.

Abdul-Kadir is pressing his suit against the Turkish government for the recovery of his share of the Abdul Hamid wealth, which was sequestrated by the Young Turks when the sultan was deposed.

The favorite amusement of Abdul Hamid's son is playing the violin, at which he has been practicing since he was six years old. Those who have heard him perform assert that he plays well.

TIRES OF FIGHTING HER OWN PEOPLE

Ireland May Call Britons to Move Ulsterites to Zone.

In the English newspapers nowadays there is considerable comment about the border question between the Irish Free State and Ulster. When Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith signed the Anglo-Irish treaty in December, 1921, there was a clause in it known as "Article 12" in which it was stipulated that a commission should be set up that would decide which parts of Ulster were Nationalist in outlook and feeling and should be included in the Free State.

Now the English Conservative party is again backing Ulster in her opposition to the claims of Nationalist Ireland. Ramsay MacDonald, the English premier, states that he will honor the treaty to the letter and will introduce into parliament a bill to give effect to Article 12 of the treaty. Everybody expects that Ulster will oppose the treaty and have a real old row with the Free State army. But nothing of the kind will happen, leaders say. It is not the intention of the Free State authorities to get mixed up in any such battle. President Cosgrave said the other day in an interview that, as soon as the bill is passed through the house of commons and becomes an act of parliament, the British army which is stationed along the Ulster border will be asked to move the Ulster forces back from the portions assigned to the Free State.

"If there is to be any fighting at all," he added, "it will be between the Ulsterites and the British army, but we expect that Britain will honor her bond."

"VICTORY" SEEN IN MAINE VOTE

Democrats Point Out Reduced Plurality Over That in 1920.

The Maine election was described in a statement issued by Clem L. Shaver, chairman of the Democratic committee, as being a "victory" from the Democratic standpoint.

"The Democratic nominee for governor," he said, "was defeated by 30,000 votes less than in 1920, the last presidential year and this in the face of the fact that the vote in Maine was approximately 40,000 larger than in that year. In other words, the gains have been tremendous and the loss to Republicans 50 per cent in the matter of plurality. The Republican nominee for governor won by 65,000 in 1920. This year he won by about half that. A change in the two parties' votes of anything like similar percentages in the country would mean a clean, Democratic sweep.

The "whole story" in the Maine election "is that a Republican state has gone Republican by a greatly reduced plurality," said Mr. Shaver, adding that "any attempt to prove anything else by the election figures is not justified by facts as the history of Maine elections shows.

"Maine has not gone Democratic in a state election in a presidential year in more than 40 years," he asserted. "Even in 1912 when the Republican party was divided between the adherents of Taft and Roosevelt, as it is this year between the adherents of Coolidge and LaFollette, Republicans carried Maine in the state election in September."

Strategy Wins Note From Rudyard Kipling

"H" is not the only letter which is frequently silent in England; "W" also is often lost, especially in proper names, as in Burwash, which is pronounced Bur'ash.

Knowledge of how to pronounce the name of this town recently won an enterprising woman an autograph letter from Rudyard Kipling, the most celebrated resident of Burwash. Failing to get an audience with Kipling, the woman wrote a parody on one of his poems and mailed it to the poet. In the parody she rhymed words with Burwash which showed she knew how to pronounce the name correctly and Kipling was so surprised that he mailed her a letter of thanks.

Cuticura Talcum

Is a delicately medicated, antiseptic, deodorizing powder ideal for both children and adults. It is cooling and refreshing and imparts a pleasing fragrance leaving the skin sweet and wholesome.

Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 29F, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Products Are Reliable.

WANTS STATE MAIL TERMINALS

Postmasters' Organization Plans to Facilitate Parcel Delivery.

Establishment of parcel post and third class mail terminals in every state, to facilitate quicker handling of these classes of mail, will be among the recommendations to the United States postoffice department proposed by the National Association of Postmasters of the United States which meets in Indianapolis Sept. 23 to 25.

Only a few large cities have such terminals at present and the concentration of this type of mail in these cities is resulting in congestion which postmasters believe can be relieved by establishing similar terminals in each state.

Other recommendations expected to be made is that the government bond its employes, adoption of legislation abolishing the compensation time feature for employes who work on Sunday or holiday, new regulations which will permit return of mail posted with insufficient stamps to senders, and more stringent rules governing containers in which eggs may be shipped to reduce breakage in the mails. The speakers before the meeting include Postmaster General Harry S. New.

BISHOP BLAMES U. S. FOR WAR

Tells Methodists That Foreign Settlements Breed Unrest.

Christian America was charged with moral responsibility for the World war by Dr. George Elliott, New York, editor of the Methodist Review, in an address before the Northeast Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in Coshocton, O., last week.

"If, during the past 50 years, every Protestant church in this country had spent one million dollars in foreign missionary work, especially in Russia, there never would have been a war," Dr. Elliott declared.

The speaker also charged America with being responsible for present conditions in Russia by permitting conditions to exist, such as those under which Trotsky came to know America while in New York. He admitted the truth of Trotsky's charges that American politics were "rotten, its business greedy and its religion a sham, but only in the locality where Trotsky lived. He deplored the fact that conditions were much the same in foreign settlements in the larger cities. He urged a "holy war to the world of wicked wars."

Japan's Debt Five Billion Yen

Japan's national debt totals 4,478,000,000 yen ($2,249,000,000), according to an announcement of the department of finance. This does not include short term indebtedness, such as the temporary exchequer bonds and rice bonds which, if included, would bring the total to more than 5,000,000,000 yen.

Soot settling on copper limits the life of the metal to about 20 years.

Your Old Glasses Traded in On a New Pair

Send No Money

Send Me Your Old Glasses and Get a New Pair

Take advantage of this wonderful FREE OFFER

My Friend: I want to send you a pair of my wonderful Perfect Vision Zylo Shell Glasses because I know they are so much better than any you have ever had before. These glasses are entirely different. The sight through them is perfect because the lenses are ground of the same crystal as any $15.00 pair or the most expensive kind made.

I know they will fit your eyes so perfectly that you will be able to read the finest print with ease and comfort. You won't have to hold your reading matter at arm's length and even farther as you may be doing now, and so straining and perhaps injuring your sight. With my Zylo Shell glasses on, it will be a pleasure to thread your needle and do your sewing. The Zylo Shell Rims around the eyes will prevent the sun from casting a reflection so that you will be able to see at a distance and sight your gun as well as you ever did in your younger days when you did not need glasses.

I WILL SEND THEM TO YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send them to you absolutely Free, all charges prepaid, so that it won't cost you a cent to try them, and if you find that they fit you better than any you may have had before and decide to keep them, I will accept any old pair of glasses you may have, as $1.00 part payment on my handsome Zylo Shell Spectacles, with the understanding that you will positively recommend them to your friends.

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT—JUST MAIL ME THE COUPON BELOW.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 5 St. Louis, Mo.

I herewith enclose this coupon which entitles me by return mail to a pair of your Perfect Vision Zylo Shell Rim Spectacles, complete in a fine spring-back pocketbook spectacle case without any cost to me, so I can try them out for fully ten days. If I like the glasses and keep them I am to pay you $3.85 only, or $2.85 and an old pair of spectacles as you agreed to allow me $1.00 for any old pair. But, if for any reason whatever, I don't wish to keep them I will return the spectacles to you without paying you a cent for them. With this understanding I mail you this coupon. Don't fail to answer these questions.

How old are you? ..... How many years have you used glasses? .....

Name .....

Postoffice ..... Rural Route ..... Box No. .....

Street No. ..... State .....

WEEK IN BASEBALL

The world's champion Yankees finally caught Washington in the American league race Monday by winning from Chicago as the Senators lost their second straight game to Detroit. The two teams are tied for first place with 82 games won and 59 lost, with the Tigers four contests behind.

In the only game played in the National league, Pittsburgh won an uphill fight from Boston in 12 innings, and is now only one and one-half games behind Brooklyn, which trails the Giants by one contest.

The three important battles were hard fought. The Yankees won from the White Sox, 2 to 0, on four hits off Faber and Conally, as Sam Jones held Chicago to seven. The Tigers beat Mogridge and Russel by the same score, as Collins held the Senators to four bingles. The veteran Babe Adams started the Pirates on another winning game before he retired for Morrison.

Standing of the contending teams follows:

American League.

	W.	L.	Pct.	To play
Washington ..	82	59	.581	13
New York....	82	59	.581	13
Detroit	79	64	.553	11

National League.

New York....	86	55	.610	13
Brooklyn	86	57	.601	11
Pittsburgh ...	82	56	.594	16

Grandma's Little Girl

By Lola Lyle

WHEN Mrs. Wright's son and his wife were killed in an automobile accident, the care of their only child, a girl of five years, devolved upon her, and the old Colonial home was more cheerful, now that a child's laughter echoed through the house. Fate had brought this beloved child into her life and she resolved to give her every loving care. But one thing troubled her, she feared her own health was failing and that she might not live to see the child grow to womanhood. She was past fifty and suffering from nervous symptoms peculiar to women of middle age, when certain changes take place.

On consulting old Dr. Brown he assured her there was no cause for anxiety and recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a wonderful remedy for women's ills; he said it would steady her nerves and tone up her system and that he had prescribed it for many years, always with best results. She followed his advice and gradually recovered her health and strength and brought her granddaughter up to be all that she had hoped for.

Many women in this vicinity have taken this Prescription with just as good results. One says:

"I take pleasure in giving a recommendation for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and nervine. I had become all run-down in health, was weak and extremely nervous. I just had to get something to help me. I was feeling so badly, so I decided to take the 'Prescription,' and it completely built me up in good health and strength and relieved me of all nervousness. It made me feel like a different person. I was more than pleased with the good results."—(Signed) Mrs. Wm. Roy Leister, 519 Linden St., Reading, Pa.

The Favorite Prescription is sold by all druggists; or send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

—Advertisement